VERDICT ON ENGLAND

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K. L. GAUBA



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VERDICT ON ENGLAND

by

K. L. GAUBA

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AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

The "Verdict on India," according to its author, was the record of over a year's intensive study of modern India, with the accent on *Modern*. This book is the result of several years of intensive investigation of the workings of the English mind—the accent being on *English*. While representing in main the impressions of a memorable occasion in the history of the Empire —the Jubilee of His Majesty King George V, and other no less memorable occasions like the exit of His Majesty King Edward VIII, it is an endeavour, following the notable precedent of the verdict on India "to fathom the English mind not only in politics but *inter alia*, broadly in art, in literature, and of course in religion.".

It is of course quite unnecessary to state that in order to arrive at this estimate, it has involved no less than two visits to England and a trip to Scotland and one to Ireland. This is not to say that the estimates formed are confined to what one sees at close quarters in Hyde Park, Lambeth or Mayfair, but also much more representative and distinguished occasions such as reviews of the Fleet, Governmental banquets and around Whitehall.

I am able to say that my opportunities for studying the English mind have been fairly extensive indeed somewhat more extensive than Mr. Nichols' opportunities for studying the Indian mind. I went to England first as a clerk of a Press Delegation and saw England at War and had the privilege of being mobbed by Fleet Street typists on November 11, 1918. So warm and generous was the experience that I decided to stay on in England. Then three whole years at Cambridge and three whole weeks at Oxford—to say nothing of the week-ends in London, meetings at Caxton Hall and conferences at Swanwick. Vacations at Stratford-on-Avon and Brighton. Debates at the Union, and a sister at Girton. My second visit was in a different capacity. I was then myself the member of a Empire Delegation, a guest of His Majesty's Government and the subject of very generous hospitality. On this occasion I had the honour of making the close acquaintance of Mr. L. S. Amery, meeting King George and Queen Mary, talking to the Duchess of York (now Queen Elizabeth), the Duke of York, the Prince of Wales (later Edward VIII), Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Eden and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

After so much hospitality, in which the Mayors of great cities, great ladies of Mayfair and the ancient Livery Companies took a prominent part, it would be sheer ingratitude not to recognise the merits of England—and they are not a

few—and to claim that the book represents anything more than a personal reminder to Mr. Nichols that it is a goodly and almost godly grace to see ourselves as others might see us.

The bulk of the present work represents the author's impressions gathered on various occasions and on various subjects and are not necessarily of a connected nature.

This book is written very much on the same lines as Mr. Nichols' famous "Verdict." I am not conscious of its merits, it certainly has its demerits and is open to the same criticism.

Mr. Gandhi would certainly not approve of this type of reply.

I almost hate it myself and myself for writing it. But so many have wanted me to undertake this task, and now whether one verdict is reversed by another, the reader must judge for himself.

The author is grateful to the Encyclopædia Brittanica and the works of Mr. George Bernard Shaw and the very Revd. Dear Inge for much useful material.

Lahore: Oct. 1, 1945 K. G.

CHAPTER I

The Elusive Englishman

"Have you ever met an Englishman?"

The question was startling. What could it mean? Met an Englishman? I had been in England on several occasions and had seen it from many angles. From the caves of Cornwall to the beaches at Brighton; from the peaks of Derbyshire to the mills in Lancashire, from the stately mansions of Surrey and Sussex to the one-roomed tenements of Limehouse and Cheapside.

"Well, have you?"

"I don't quite follow," said I, and added with an accent of certainty, "of course I have, haven't you?"

"No," laughed Rahila cheekily her pretty white teeth sparkling brightly . . . . . .

* * *

As I lay in my bed next morning, I thought of the question Rahila had put to me as we dined at the Chinese Restaurant in Holborn. Of course she had not stayed in England as long as I had, but a year is quite enough time to find an Englishman, if there be one. Rahila had travelled quite a lot. The question was all the

more surprising as she knew I had spent a lot of time at Cambridge and Oxford. If I had not come across an Englishman at Cambridge, I must certainly have come across one or two at Oxford.

And so I began to think of all the Englishmen I met. The pageant was one of extraordinary diversity and interest. First came to my mind Lord Reading, whom I had met the previous day at a luncheon at Imperial Chemicals. We had previously met in Simla when he was Viceroy and I had just returned from Cambridge. I went to him with a deputation to protest against Lloyd George's famous "Steel Frame" speech. I reminded him of the occasion. He said Lloyd George's speech was foolish. A short man, with a very handsome face and the clearest articulation in his speech of any man I had ever met. Lord Reading once met, never forgotten. From Lord Chief Justice of England to Ambassador to the United States from His Britannic Majesty, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, and Director of Imperial Chemicals. An Englishman? A Jew.

Next, others I had met at recent functions.

Lord Hailsham, Lord Chancellor, formerly the Rt. Hon. Sir Douglas (Megarel) Hogg. Attorney-General, son of the late Quentin Hogg married an American widow, father of two sons. An Englishman? If a Scotsman can be English—then yes.

Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, son of the late Lord Randolph and Lady Churchill. Lord

Randolph was the third son of the 7th Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Churchill's parliamentary career started at an early age of 26. Famed as war correspondent, a writer, parliamentarian and Cabinet Minister. An Englishman? What about his American mother?

The Royal Family, of course.

A scrutiny of the genealogical tree. It is necessary to go as far back as 1065 to find a king of English blood.

Prime Ministers of England in recent times

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Arthur James Balfour.

Andrew Bonar Law.

David Lloyd George.

Ramsay MacDonald.

Any of these Englishmen?

The Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury. Head of the Church of England. English? Why, he must be A reference to Who's Who shows that once again we are wrong. Son of Henry Davies Munchouse of *Edinburgh*.

The hunt seems useless. Let's go back to the good old days at Cambridge

Outstanding of all is Horatio Bottomly The very picture of John Bull himself. Original, forceful, tenacious. In appearance a bull-dog, in courage a lion, in cunning a unicorn. Horatio Bottomly for years edited and exemplified John Bull. He hanged the Kaiser, presented

a purse to General Dyer, collected a fortune in football competitions, published false balance-sheets and sat in Parliament. And, in his old age a grateful nation had nothing worse for him than a cell in Holloway Prison.

And after Horatio Bottomly, the man with a green bicycle, who murdered his sweetheart and threw her body and the bicycle into canal. He was saved mainly because he was good-looking for British jurymen (and women) are most reluctant to hang good-looking men.

My mind then wandered to Trafalgar Square. True, there was an Englishman to be found there, but he was in bronze and since his day much had happened. England no longer expected every Englishman to do his duty. England now depended on Scotsmen and Ulsterites.

And at last the girls on the Piccadilly pavements.

The *demi-mondaine* of Paris is a quasi-national institution—registered, periodically inspected and disinfected. Her counterpart of Piccadilly is unlicensed, unexamined and probably infected. To communicate a disease in Paris is to commit an offence, to pass one in England is to communicate a 'cold'. To pick up a girl in Paris is an easy matter, to get one in Piccadilly is an adventure, a hunt which starts in spotting the bird at a shop window, a chase down the Arcades and a final running to earth somewhere in Oxford Street. According to my friend Beverley Nichols, one's

first nautch girl is an experience; so is one's first Piccadilly prostitute.

II

This would not do.

I had a tea engagement at the Ritz with the Aga Khan and was meeting Rahila in the evening. What if she repeat the question defiantly: "Have you ever met an Englishman?"

It was a gloomy day and a still more gloomy afternoon. I looked out of my window overlooking Hyde Park. In the foggy blanket that lay over London at 3 p.m. on a June afternoon one could still see the traffic lights ablaze and hear the horns of irritated buses. A cold wind swept the pavements. Wrapped in furs and coats hurried along the passing pageant of London's men and women. Anxiously I searched for my friend, the Englishman. Surely there must be at least one on—

"This royal throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
"This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
"This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
"This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this
this England."

Presumably, Shakespeare did his writings on fine mornings. Shakespeare was an imperialist at heart, he never really brought an Englishman on the stage (unless it was Henry VIII), although he produced Moors, Jews and Italians in large numbers.

Met an Englishman? "*An Englishman?*"

If you think because you have landed in England or are living at Grosvenor House you will meet Englishmen you are greatly mistaken. The Englishman does not live at Grosvenor House or at the Dorchester Hotel. If you expect to find him in England and to make a call on him, you will probably find he is not at home. You will be told he has gone on a vacation to Jamaica, Trinidad, South Africa or Timbuktu, or is busy attending to the sick in Khartum or preaching the Gospel in Madagascar or presiding over one of the districts of the Punjab.

Let us for a few moments look over the strange land, whose men-folk are seldom at home.

From the point of view of dimensions England is a small corner of a large world. But its very diminutiveness is the pride of its people, who have successfully aspired to world power. As islands go, the island we know as Great Britain is a large island there being only four larger islands in the world—New Guinea, Borneo, Madagascar and Sumatra excluding the Continent-of Australia and the sub-continents at the South Pole. And England is only a fraction of Great Britain.

Great Britain was not always an island. At one time the Thames, it is said, ran into the Rhine and England was neither isolated from Europe on the one hand nor from Ireland on the other. The history of the world would have been very different if the earth had not suddenly

subsided creating the English and Irish Channels resulting as Shakespeare has said:

> "*This fortress built by Nature for herself,*
> *This precious stone set in a silver sea,*
> *Which serves it in the office of a wall,*
> *Or as moat defensive to a house,*
> *Against the envy of less happier lands*"

This favoured isolation, however, has enabled the English to successfully scheme the domination of the world. But centuries of bloody conflicts have failed to assimilate the component parts of these islands. Scotland still revels in petty provincialism, while Ireland hates the very name of England.

Many claim to know their England, but how many would know it from this brilliant description in a popular encyclopædia?

> "England is the country, roughly, triangular in shape, that lies in the Atlantic Ocean, between the mouth of the Tweed, 55 degrees 46 minutes North, and Lizard Point, 49 degrees 57 minutes 30 seconds, also North. The land is highest in the West, where rocks are hardest, oldest and show considerable disturbance. The geographical and geological distinctions between East and West are clearly discernible as the subterranean drainage characteristic of the Yorkshire limestone To the West and South, the Coal Measures dip gently to reappear through the Triassic plain."

But many, who like to think kindly of England, prefer to remember it in the terms of the beauty of its countryside, the wealth of its manufacturing towns and the picturesque characteristics of its famous seaside resorts. The chalk cliffs of Dover are familiar to any one using the Cross-Channel Services by air or water. It is difficult to surpass the quiet beauty of the Norfolk Broads, the Dartmoor Downs, or the rugged caves of Cornwall. Equally popular are the seaside and rural towns of England: Torquay of the seven hills, always sheltered and warm; Lynmouth, Blackpool and Margate. In the manufacturing cities of Birmingham, Coventry, Oldham and Sheffield will be found some reasons for England's prosperity. But smoking chimneys, closely huddled tenements, and the rumble of machinery,—these belong as much to England as do the green hills of Devon or the fair gardens of Oxford.

But if you want the real whole-blooded Englishman, you will probably have to go to the cemeteries—the race according to history and science being either dead or diluted and indistinguishable.

Of the people, who today call themselves English, there are four main groups:

The First Group.—In the first group must be placed the fair-haired, blue-eyed, and pink-skinned, who until 1914 were proud of their Teutonic ancestry and desirous to prove themselves of pure Nordic stock. In this category fall

a large part of the landed aristocracy, nobility, policemen and the Royal Family itself. To make people forget that both the Kaiser and himself had the same grandparents—and a grandfather of royal German blood—His Majesty King George V abandoned the family surname and adopted that of Windsor. More than one daughter of Queen Victoria went to Europe to find a Teuton husband.

Then came the First World War when everything German fell into discredit. Anthropology came to the rescue. New theories were formulated. At first it was argued that the conquering Anglo-Saxons when they invaded the island known as Britain found that its population both physically and culturally was no match for the Teutons. But politics and prejudice may be read in the theses of scientists as they may be read in the dicta of eminent jurists. And since 1914 anthropologists would have us believe that the Anglo-Saxons intermixed with the population and produced a race with all the merits and without any of the shortcomings of the Teutons. Common to both groups of Teutons—British and Continental—has been the ambition of world domination. Providence blessed the one with success, and condemned the other to failure.

The Second Group.—In the second group come Welsh, Irish, Cornish and Scots, who proudly trace their ancestry to the Alpine and Mediterranean races of Europe and comprehensively describe themselves as Celts. It

is uncertain whether the Celts conquered the inhabitants of England, exterminated them like the Teutons did, or contented themselves with peaceful infiltration. Historians tell us of three waves of Celtic migration into Britain—the final and last wave being about two hundred years before Christ. A hundred and fifty years later in 55 B.C. came Julius Cæsar with hosts of Italians. If other invaders preferred to slaughter English maidens, the Italians preferred to sleep with them, and when the Roman garrisons were withdrawn, they did not take their babies back.

The return visit by an English Conqueror to Rome was delayed by about two thousand years, when the most outstanding Englishman of his day, the son of a hybrid father and a Yankee mothor—Winston Spencer Churchill, Prime Minister, could pay a call on Cæsar's successor Benito Mussolini.

Not long ago, no less than two-thirds of the Cabinet headed by Ramsay MacDonald claimed to Scotch or Irish extraction. The great good fortune of English history was that Mary Queen of Scots was executed before she could produce an heir. James I was thus able to assume the sovereignty of both England and Scotland. The union was beneficial to both, particularly to the Southern Kingdom, as a hard-headed practical race poured down through the border and opened up industry and commerce in the Northern Counties eventually-making Britain the economic mistress of the world for nearly two centuries.

The Third Group.—To the third group may be credited the medley of the country's inhabitants, whose ancestors came in miscellaneous invasions. The ancestors of the dark-haired, dark-eyed, polite, affable gentlemen, bearing for the most part donble-barrelled names, were associated in the main with the last successful formal invasion of England, *viz.*, the Norman conquest. Since then there have been other invasions, less formal, by Jews, Americans and the like. A large number of prominent families like the Montagus and the Rothschilds have contributed to the prosperity of England in return for being classed among the English.

Into the third group must be added the new species of the English, the products of English fathers and Asiatic mothers better known as Anglo-Indians and Anglo-Burmans. According to law they are classed as Europeans and they are proud, very proud of their British blood. The mixture of the two races has been said not to be very successful for neither Indians think them Indians nor the English English. Sometimes people sniff at their muggy colour, but Rudyard Kipling and Merle Oberon have amply demonstrated that intellectually and physically a mixture can be well dispensed.

And there seems to be no good reason why Mr. Churchill should be able to call himself an Englishman any more than the late Sir Henry Gidney. They both inherited the same language,

wore the same dress, had the same dream of Empire and at heart the welfare of the British race.

III

"Have you ever met an Englishman?"

Rahila's challenge still echoed in my ears as I stepped off the bus at Marble Arch having seen her home. We had had a pleasant evening, been to a show in Leicester Square which was very well attended. The stalls were full with fine ladies in fine clothes, accompanied by escorts in tails and white bows and equally emaculate gloves. The Dress Circle, Stalls and the Upper Gallery were crowded. Rahila sat beside me with a smile on her cheeky face. Surely I could now point out an Englishman in this ample array of the fine and the shoddy. The language they spoke at the stage was said to be English; the language that was whispered in the stalls was also English; and the occasional interjections that came over from the gallery were also presumably English, but in accent and vocabulary they did not all seem to be the same language.

I preferred to confess defeat. Although Rahila said nothing, I felt instinctively that she had wanted to repeat the question, but, to avoid embarrassment on my part, had not ventured to put the question again.

And thus I was back again with a defeat to my credit.

In the doorway of Grosvenor House stood a tall, well-dressed porter. A smart hat crowned a gay tunic of green, edged with gold lace.

"Good night, sir," he said.

"Good night."

I went towards the lift, then made a right-about turn and went back to the door."

"Well, good man, are you English?"

"Why do you put that question, sir?"

"To tell you the truth I have been trying to find an Englishman all the week."

"Why, that's not easy in this part of London at this time of the year. They are out of town, you may find one in Barcelona. But if you could go over to the docks, the boys handling the cranes are *English* and most of the porters at Victoria and Euston are *English*."

"And why do you say *they* are English?"

"Because we do not believe we are in India to teach you Indians how to govern yourselves. We have £1,000 million invested, we must stay on to safeguard our money."

I returned to bed with a sense of satisfaction. I would tell Rahila that I had met *an Englishman*.

CHAPTER II

Pomp and Parliament

We might begin at the top by paying a visit to Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament.

These excursions may not teach us much about 'England' but they are bound to be instructive and interesting in many ways.

Both King and Parliament (sometimes at loggerheads and sometimes otherwise) have played an important part in the development of English History. Neither is now as politically important as the monarchs of Fleet Street, but for pomp and circumstance, a visit or two is well repaid. A hard-headed practical race still takes childish delight in seeing their King seated in a gilded coach pulled by eight white horses nodding mechanically on occasional visits to Parliament. A smaller procession, no less important in the Parliamentary system is the routine of the Speakers procession at 3 o'clock daily when preceded by a gold mace, the Speaker of the Commons proceeds through the corridors, from his residence in one part of the building to his work in another part of the same building.

The earliest event in the programme set out for us was a luncheon in Westminster Hall. Before the luncheon we—that is to say the delegates to the conference—met on the Terrace of the House of Commons, where we assembled for a group photograph. Then we went over the Houses, the Prime Minister himself acting as guide.

The happy reunion of the Mother Country with her sons and daughters from across the seas was then celebrated by the luncheon in historic Westminster Hall.

Westminster Hall was particularly appropriate for such a function. William the Second, who built the Hall, thought for a time that its million-and-a-half cubic contents might be suitable for a bedchamber, where unions would undoubtedly be felicitous. William the Conqueror put the Law Courts here. The Courts, however, were removed soon after by his son, who considered that the place might be more usefully employed. At Xmas the Thames overflowed and then the Hall was navigated in wherries. In Wastminster Hall, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, is said to have celebrated his nuptials to Cincia of Provence at a feast memorable for its three thousand dishes and not a single casualty to overeating. Here too Simon de Montford held his famous Parliament. A mere two hundred years later, Westminster Hall was the scene of rejoicings at the marriage of King Edward IV to Lady Elizabeth Grey.

The Hall, from time to time, has also been

utilized for several other sorts of reunions. Edward Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, met Cardinal Wolsey here on the 13th May, 1522; he also met his fate here. Sir Thomas Moore; John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; Sir Thomas Wyatt; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex and lover of the virgin Elizabeth; Thomas Westworth, Earl of Stafford; King Charles I; the Seven Bishops and Warren Hastings are some of the great persons who stood their trials in these uncommon environments. Little brass tablets indicate the footprints of history.

Here, the Prime Minister in periods round and stately as his person, toasted his "Colleagues from Overseas." We meet, he said, on sacred ground, in the Hall of Rufus (nothing to do with the Rufus called Isaacs), the nursery of the Common Law and of Parliament. "Magna Carta est Lex; Deinde Rex."—In other words 'Magna Carta is Law, Let the King look out.'

There were fifty-seven tables in all, and more than 400 acceptances to the invitations issued to the luncheon by the British Parliamentary Association. At the high tables sat Capt. Fitzroy, Speaker of the House of Commons.

After an excellent lunch, Mr. Anthony Eden received the delegates from various parts of the Empire. Some holding no less distinguished positions than the Colonial Premiers and Ministers and talked to us on foreign affairs.

Here we got *Shock No. 1.* For he told us nothing more than what we had all read in the *Times* a week earlier. His manner was persuasive, he seemed to take you into confidence with great secrets of State. He began of course with the warning that everything he said was strictly confidential and ended by demonstrating great skill in evading the questions put to him by way of further elucidation. It was clear from the day's proceedings that the British Government was prepared to feed us but was not prepared to take us into their confidence. Foreign policy was a close preserve of the British Cabinet. In the councils of War and Peace the Empire had little to say.

II

Shock No. 2.—In capital letters in the programmes circulated to us was our reception by the King and Queen. We had been warned well in advance that we should appear in tail coats, black shoes and silk hose. We had vistas of long and intimate conversation with the King and Queen, a guilded Palace, a vast dining-room and luncheon on gold plates. The reception was very different.

All the excitement was at Grosvenor House. As our cars entered Buckingham Palace, nobody would have thought that the inmates of the Palace were to receive the Empire's representatives.

Buckingham Palace suggested a Greek Matron in fancy dress. The architect had tried hard to give it the dignity of a Corinthian temple, and had lavishly endowed it with massive pillars and arches. The English climate and the English accent on Greek ideology produced a Palace perhaps the least attractive in the world. Its interior was as poor as its exterior. Only an ill-paid constitutional sovereign could live in it without protest.

We arrived at the Palace at 11-30. The Secretary of State for the Dominions was present and received us as if he was the owner of the Palace. Somebody had a happy idea that the Queen might also be present on this occasion. So we were allowed to bring along our better-halves (if we had any). Some of us had borrowed tail coats, one of us extended the idea to a better-half, who acted her part admirably.

The reception was of a purely formal nature. It took the Lord Chamberlain twenty minutes to line us up. The King and Queen were ready to receive us in an adjoining room. The Dominions Secretary was with their Majesties. As we walked up and passed their Majesties, we were individually introduced.

King : How do you do ?
Delegate : Very well, your Majesty.
Queen : How do you do ?
Delegate : Very well, your Majesty.

It took their Majesties hardly five minutes to

look over their Empire. Most of the delegates came back with a distinct sense of dissatisfaction. But I must say I was quite satisfied. The Queen gave a very sweet smile when she shook my hand for she evidently liked the colour of the turban I wore. Turbans and colours find favour with women. It was good to know that the Queen was after all a woman.

III

Less formal were the receptions of the Princes. There was no need to hire tail coats for these occasions.

The Prince of Wales received us at St. James's Palace, which seemed to need a spring cleaning very badly. The progress of the introductory queue was painfully slow—the Prince was meeting old friends. He seemed to remember them all. He had met the Bengal Terrorists. Senator Copp had accompanied him down the Rapids. 'What are the prospects of a MacKenzie returning to Canadian Premiership?' To Latham, Leader of the Opposition, Western Australia. 'When do we see you Prime Minister?' Col. Reitz, South Africa. 'The last balance-sheet of the De Beers, Bloomfontine Mines showed excellent results.' The Prince asked the questions and in most cases provided the answers.

The Prince served tea and cocktails after he had made our acquaintances individually.

Compared to the King's eldest son the other

members of the Royal Family appeared normal human beings. The Prince of Wales seemed undoubtedly abnormal; his talk, his grasp of problems, his mannerisms, his information were all abnormal, even his celibacy. The Prince might very well have been the English counterpart of Hitler, if he had exploited his intelligence and regulated his friendships.

Ample differences lay between the Duchesses of York and Kent. The Duchess of York reminded one instinctively of a schoolgirl of a Victorian household—sweet, kindly and homely. The Duchess of Kent was exotic and gorgeous. She monopolised the popular fancy. Her hats, dresses and even her delicate condition were matters of general concern. The Duke of Kent, like his brothers, had the quiet air of a good boy well brought up. A head of rich golden hair and a winning smile distinguished him in any company.

The Kents lived in Belgrave Square in an unpretentious house with a moderate rental. The Yorks resided at 145 Piccadilly until called to the throne. Gloucester hoped to be able to rent a flat in Half Moon Street. The brothers were comparatively poor on twenty-five thousand pounds a year. They had their friends and coteries. They seemed to hate the fuss and lace of their position. The Prince of Wales had long decided to allow the Yorks to be crowned in Westminster Abbey, if occasion arose.

There was a time once when the King's sons

fought among themselves for the throne. Now the Throne of England seemed to go abegging.

IV

On the banks of the Thames, in deep contemplation, sits the Mother of Parliaments. Age, the elements and the Luftwaffe have placed havoc in her appearance. Great scaffolding indicates the efforts of specialists to repair the creases and wrinkles of time. Fragments of her face may be picked up for a few shillings. Her children are numberless. From the cute Little Mother, who took up her abode in the 12th century, in the City of Westminster, have sprung numberless offsprings —some good, some bad and some indifferent.

The English Parliamentary System is a success, because it is based upon a fiction—the King in Parliament. The King is never in Parliament. His presence in either House would be resented. Tradition ordains that he shall only pay a visit now and again, on very special occasions, of which ample and due notice has been given, and when Parliament is not engaged upon any serious business, but is in a mood to join with the rest of London in seeing a team of white horses draw an antiquated coach, escorted by so-called beefeaters, and to hear from the King's lips a speech prepared by unimaginative Under-Secretaries.

In theory the King makes the laws, owns the Fleet, the Air Forces and the Army; he defends the Faith, litigates with his subjects and operates the scaffolds. In practice he is the constitutional

robot, in operation many hours of the day,—nodding to the people he is told to nod to, driving by roads that are prescribed by the police, accepting and dismissing appeals he has not heard. assenting to laws he has had no hand in framing. decorating men he detests, and having his hands kissed by colonial autocrats.

The success of the King as the Supreme Robot is not merely his efficiency. He has always to be perfectly attuned to his work. He must never grumble nor need adjustments; though by overwork he sometimes breaks down.

What was precisely in Lincoln's mind when he conceived a Government of the People, by the People, for the People, is not known. Perhaps he foresaw Gandhism, he was certainly not thinking of the English Parliamentary System. His Majesty's Government (socalled because nobody else is willing to lend his name to it) is rarely a government of the people, or by the people. It is very seldom for the people. It is the rule of a party caucus, by a party caucus, so that government by parties shall not perish from the earth. The sole utility of the universal franchise seems to be to determine, once every five years (or otherwise if it is in the interests of the party in power), whether England is to be ruled by one political corporation or another. The choice of almost every constituency is the choice between two or more carpet-baggers.

No great strains are put upon the intelligence of the people. The elector, on the day appointed,

relieves himself of civic obligations by marking a ballot-paper. The counting machines decide which party managers have managed things best.

The successful managers then come into their own. They augment the peerage; indicate to whom the King will hand the Seals of Office; take possession of the Woolsack and the Treasury; and appoint as Lords of the Admiralty men who have only crossed the Channel. To the Foreign Office they consign someone, who has a reputation to lose, while geography need not be a strong point in the stewardship of the Dominions or of the Colonial Office.

Not many years ago His Majesty's Government used to designate its authority as that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The Official Hospitality Committee, at whose invitations we attended the Royal Air Force Review, and who issued invitations to the Naval Review, use the name of 'His Majesty's Government of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.' It is unnecessary to go into the pathetic confession indicated by the change.

While wandering through the corridors of the Houses of Parliament I was particularly impressed by the several frescoes and statues of personages important in English history. The frescoes represent mainly scenes of civic commotion and treason to the Government and authority of their day. Men misunderstood in their generation are immortalised in stone, bronze and paint. Some day perhaps Lloyd George at Limehouse, and Robert

Smillie in the General Strike, will fill gaps in the walls, while Maxton and Hore Belisha live in marble.

Equally impressive is the quiet dignity of the House of Commons, the seating accommodation of which assumes that one-third of the members are either unnecessary or will not be there. Members are required to keep their wives behind a substantial grille; the speeches are generally inaudibly excellent, and on great days the Treasury Bench resembles a tin of sardines.

On the day when I had the good fortune to be in the Dominions' Gallery of the House of Commons, the Prime Minister was heckled on the salary of a Minister without Portfolio; the Foreign Secretary thanked the Leader of the Opposition for the opportunity to recite events already a month old; while the very efficient Secretary for India informed the House that he had no other report on the situation in India than what had appeared in the daily press. A member then asked the House to enact a lavatory scheme for the Mersey Tunnel and to grant a subsidy of several millions to stainless brass, which would reduce figures of unemployment and be a help in future wars.

High as are the standards of eloquence in the House of Commons, they are surpassed in the House of Lords. To hear their Lordships is a pleasure, to read them is a delight. Almost invariably suspicious of proposals which emanate from the other House, they unearth the most

cogent and forceful reasons in support of their arguments. But having, with great dignity, opposed a proposition, they proceed, with equal dignity, to approve of it. The possibility that they themselves might be reformed at any moment has perhaps something to do with this.

It is credibly stated on good authority that three-quarters of Parliament's time is taken up by business that could be more expeditiously and better done by local bodies, the remaining quarter is spent in devising constitutions for remote parts of the Empire. Most of the members know nothing of the countries for which they devise these constitutions; but the greater the ignorance the greater the qualification.

But it is not to be assumed that the parliamentary system has outlived its utility. England is not the only country navigating political waters in obsolete ships. England's Ship of State today, though old and worn, carries a crew loyal to the party and parliamentary system. The Commander looks every inch a sailor. Two or three centuries ago, he might have been a successful pirate on the Spanish Main, with a crew more homogeneous than he has at his command today. But whatever the internal dissensions and mutinies may have been, he would have always had a majority on the right side to maintain his authority on the frigate. The officers with him on the bridge are a cosmopolitan assortment. Some come from the most exclusive clubs in Pall-Mall; others from clubs not so exclusive; and yet others from

the country pubs. This is not said in disparagement, for all honour and credit to the men who start life in Eastcheap and die in Mayfair. The average age of the staff in control shows experience and discretion.

The catering arrangements of the parliamentary system are in the hands of capable women, who run their department on the sound principle that a crew well-fed is a crew that is willing.

Shock No. 3.—Having met him as Prince of Wales and having had the privilege of talking to him and forming a very high opinion of his intelligence, it is difficult to put into words the shock, when the news came over the radio that the King had decided to abdicate. It was a shock that shook the Empire.

In Edward, England had a monarch of ability and energy well above the average. But much of the excellence of the parliamentary system can only be seen by contrast with the capacity of the Sovereign. There were indications that the King's Ministers were not having it all their own way. His impromptu visit to the distressed areas in South Wales was an indication of his mind.

And so he had to go.

And so he went—in characteristic fashion.

He made no attempt to form a King's Party, though there is no doubt that it would have been a formidable one, if he had tried.

He made no attempt to defend himself against the attacks of the Church.

He went as far away as possible, so that his presence might not embarrass his successor.

He went cheerfully, and his last words were those of loyalty to the brother, who succeeded him.

His Majesty King Edward VIII having preferred Mrs. Ernest Simpson to the Throne of England went to Switzerland to be effaced designedly from the world's attention. His wedding plans, in which both the old and new worlds were interested, were deferred to after May 12, 1937, so that they might not slash, and, perhaps, detract somewhat from the coronation of his successor.

Edward's love for a woman, unacceptable to his Government, was not the only cause of the abdication. Some of the predisposing causes must be looked for in his extraordinary popularity with the masses, his marked dislike for the more formal conventions of monarchy and the gulf between the manners and morals of his own generation and the bigotry of the Church, which he was pledged to defend. His greatest failing, apparently, was that he was a King who could not only append a signature, but who could assign a good reason for not doing so.

As Prince of Wales, and as King, he was treated with the customary British deference to a person of high authority. His acts and his conduct were above the criticism of platform, press or Parliament. According to all canons, juristic and otherwise, the King could do no wrong.

But once dethroned, Edward was treated in an equally typical manner.

Important appointments at Court, which he had made, were immediately revised, and favourites of the old region, who had gone into retirement, were recalled.

All reference to the ex-King was excluded in the Civil List, as if he had never existed.

Archbishops and Archdeacons, who, in the days of his kingship, paid him abject homage and fulsome tribute, followed rather unworthily the teachings of their Church, by indulging in vendetta against the ex-King, as soon as Parliament transferred their allegiance to his successor. The King's sin lay not so much in having loved another man's wife or in the desire to place his affections on a legal footing, a course no different to that followed by thousands of his subjects, but in the fact that his proposals implied that an American would become Queen of England.

And so he went.

So he was succeeded by the Duke of York as next in line of succession to the throne of England. Elizabeth, Duchess of York, a girl of the people, became Queen of England, the first Queen for many generations from the land itself.

Edward was very popular with the masses. And as his brother was crowned in Westminster Abbey many sincerely regretted that Edward's reign had not been longer.

But there is no doubt that His Majesty King George VI has proved a success as King. His personal disposition is much more akin to that of his father. It could safely be predicted that he

would never come into conflict with his Ministers. He has a wife, who is a home product, a girl of the people. She performs her share of public duty gracefully, sympathetically and without pride or ostentation. For many years they have been happily wedded and have attractive children. He has a mother, who helps to emphasise his own inclinations that the best and safest path of kingship is the one followed by his father, namely, to do the things that do not matter, and not to interfere in the things that really matter.

There has been no encroachment in the reign on the powers of the Baldwins and Chamberlains and the Astors.

In the last twenty years or so, monarchy has, in many countries, received a setback. Russia overthrew the Tzar because he symbolised class oppression; in Turkey the revolution found its necessity in the weakness of the Sultan to foreign machinations. Germany sent the ex-Kaiser into exile because he lost the War, Spain did the same by Alphonso, because he was too slow to appreciate the currents of modern times. It was left to England to dethrone a monarch for entirely different reasons.

Edward VIII had intelligence, ability and a popularity of which his Ministers were afraid. Other nations removed Kings who were a source of weakness. England removed a King because he was a source of strength.

CHAPTER III

Below the Bottom Rung

Very briefly, let us now consider the life of the working classes.

It is like the life of the untouchables of India, a matter of negatives as Mr. Nichols would put it.

They may not marry into the non-working-blue-blooded-land-owning-aristocratic classes.

They may not join the clubs in Pall-Mall.

In Park Lane and other aristocratic quarters they do not enter by the main door. They have separate entrances by way of the basement.

They may not use fashionable bathing and swimming pools.

They may not sunbathe on the Ritz.

They may not join the Nudist Society.

They may not use the front pews in church on Sundays. This is the unkindest cut of all. Their fathers mixed the mortar and laid the bricks and chipped the stones. If God sits at the altar, He has a better view of the nearer pews, which probably explains the unequal distribution of favours between those who occupy the front seats and those at the back.

They may not enter the members' enclosures at New Market and their wives do not compete in the paddock at Ascot.

Their children may not go to Harrow nor are they admitted to Eton.

They generally live in the slums, have large families, frugal meals, a modicum of clothing, fornicate in Regent Park in summer and shiver for want of clothing and warmth in winter.

Among other restrictions, until recently the commissioned ranks of the Army and Navy were closed to them. It is only by the accident of War that you find a person sporting three 'pips' and double negatives.

Like the untouchable of India, the working man in England is not a pretty sight. The untouchable carries night-soil away, his English counterpart brings coal up from the underground through shafts two thousand feet below the surface. Both perform an essential service to their fellow-men. There is little to choose in the lives of either. They multiply and suffer out of God's forgetfulness.

II

A man about fifty. Very clear in speech. The eyes of a hawk. Seems to be on guard, readily parrying taunts from all directions. He is quite at ease with the wolves of the press. From his clothes you would say he was certainly far from the bottom rung.

From all accounts he is at the top of the ladder professionally. A son of an eminent lawyer, a follower of Karl Marx, a red hot communist, Solicitor-General and the terror of the Labour Party.

The man is Sir Stafford Crips.

Son and heir of Lord Parmoor, one time Member of the Privy Council.

Sir Stafford Cripps has long been recognised as one of the best brains of the Labour Party. He is one of the many from the upper strata of British social life, who sometimes on account of fashion, and occasionally on account of conviction, have migrated to the aid and leadership of the working classes. Cripp's legal acumen brought him a comfortable living. Cripps extreme ideas brought him into the spot-light of the political stage. His friendship with Lenin and his admiration for Gandhi won him many enemies in England and many friends abroad. His sincerity nobody doubted.

As a result he is one of the best hated men of the Labour Party.

Because Cripps in the eyes of most of the members of the Labour Party is a son of a peer and is thus closely related to the hateful *Lords*. Unlike others he does not change his clothes according to the meeting he is attending His wardrobe does credit to Mayfair, his *pince-nez* are of gold. He talks a language that is correct according to Oxford. He does not drop his 'h's'

nor slur his 'g's'. His diction is not the language of the Trade Unions.

No man rendered greater service to India after Montagu than Cripps.

No man rendered less service to India in 1942, when he brought Churchill's offer and tried to out-argue Gandhi and Jawaharlal.

His friendship with Russia was utilised to advantage by the new Churchill Cabinet of 1940. The work of Cripps at Moscow was one of the outstanding achievements of the War.

His friendship with Indian leaders was also sought to be exploited by the Churchill Government. The work of Cripps at New Delhi was one of the outstanding failures of the War.

Cripps had been expelled from the Labour Party. His name was erased from the roll of the friends of India.

His activities during the last few years have established that a man born to a frock-coat seldom gets out of a starched collar.

III

Of the long series of Macaulay's schoolboys, the most outstanding was one Beverley Nichols by name. So well had he mastered his texts that at the end of one year he knew that there were four castes among the Hindus.

Nichols wanted to show off and wrote an essay on Caste and brought it to the class-room.

The essay was read. A boy at the back of

the room enquired of the teacher.

"What is caste, Mr. Teaoher ?"

"Nichols," said the master tapping his table, "now tell them what is caste."

"Caste," said Nichols, "is one of the divisions into which Hindu society is divided, God-made and man-preserved."

"Is there no caste in this country," asked a little boy.

"Why, yes," said another, "there are three castes among us."

"Castes among us ? Nonsense."

Little Beverley reddens. A little son of a plain working man gets up and proclaims "We have three castes, Teacher. The vulgar. The very vulgar. The very very vulgar. And all man-made and God-preserved."

Mr. Teacher laughs :

"Yes that's so if you mean idle rich, the stolid middle classes and the indigent poor."

Among these classes social intercourse is interdict and so are inter-marriages. They don't eat out of the same plates and they don't sit within each other's shadows.

Class one read the *Times* and Bernard Shaw and retail smut after dinner. They look out of the windows of Pall-Mall, sip contraxaville and smoke gigantic cigars.

The very vulgar live around Kensington High Street, spend Sundays at Richmond, buy the *Daily Mail* in the morning and the *Star*

in the evening, have lunch at Lyons, and dinner at home. The very very vulgar live down Eastcheap way. In one room you will find a whole family: father, mother, sons and daughters. At an early age children discover their parents. Mother does the washing, father works on the Southern Railway or down at the Docks. The Union takes care of old age and the local Corporation the education of the children.

IV

All three castes supposedly speak one language.

Scene I.—Kensington High Street. A large shop window—hats, coats, *lingerie*, Kestos brassiere.

Time 9-30 p.m.

Jack and Jill coming down the hill. Jill stops and looks admiringly at a stream-lined coat.

"Jack, *just look* at that—isn't it *marvellous?*"

"It's positively awful."

"Ten guineas. Gosh, it's cheap. Darling, you're the most wonderful man in the world."

"Get thee behind me, Satan."

Scene II.—The same.

Time 10-30 p.m.

John and Jane out for an evening stroll after supper.

"What are the women coming to now. Jane, just look at that 'at."

"That's the style they're makin' 'em now."

"Bloody awful!"

"You love me, John, don't you?"

"Nineteen and eleven pence! next month, Jane."

Scene III.—The same.

Time 11-45 p.m.

Sergeant Harry Atkins and Mrs. Atkins.

Mrs. Atkins has been at the window for some time. The Sergeant's patience is pretty well exhausted.

"What are you lookin' at?"

"Lord, aren't they makin' 'em loovlee now."

"Lord's makin' what loovlee now?"

The Mrs. points to the Kestos ware: "These, 'arry."

"Bludee Loovlee—saw the likes of 'em at Woolwich harsenal—points pretty, eh?"

Mr. Atkins laughed. Filled they would look like grenades.

"Two and six cheap, eh 'arry."

Sergeant Atkins and the Mrs. then debated whether Kestos brassiere is cheap at two shillings and sixpence.

V

Whether stream-lined coats, hats or *lingerie* are fashionable things or not, socialism certainly is. It is politically the vogue. Even Tory Governments like to support makebelieve socialist legislation.

War shows how easy it is for a government to snatch the incomes of one set of citizens and hand them over to another. In times of

peace it is not so easy. During such times the presently rich become the presently poor by reason of the increased taxation. Such times of national stress give birth to a new set of capitalists. The money taken in by the Exchequer on patriotic grounds, national emergency or impending peril in the shape of taxes and enhanced duties is spent apart from the salaries of the men who man the Armies, the Navy and the Air Force, amongst the suppliers of so-called munitions. Men who are without a job or a shilling before the War overnight become the owners of large cash balances and estates in the country.

A Liverpool manufacturer overdraws a million pounds from the Treasury on false bills.

In Germany he would be shot.

In England he gets two years' free board and lodging at His Majesty's expense and 20-year's leisure to spend it and ample opportunities to replace the ancient nobility, taxed out to provide payment for his false bills, rotten meat and shoddy goods.

These are some of the results and fruits of the democratic socialistic parliamentary system. If any class or clique can obtain or gain control in the Parliament it can employ its power for the destruction of one class or trade or clique and create in its place another. One set of capitalists may be plundered to create a new set of capitalists.

This is democracy in practice.

Parliamentary power may be utilised to legalise the illegal, and make illegal what is legal. Such operations are disguised as reforms and defended on the ground of national necessity.

To satisfy the public every exploiter government, Tory or Liberal, introduces some reforms of a popular character—the more easily to impose oppressive or dishonest legislation or to make people conveniently forget promises and obligations and undertakings that are overdue. Franchise in Britain has often been enlarged as a bribe to the electorate to keep a clique in power. Much of the factory legislation in recent times has been promoted, not so much with a view to ameliorate the conditions of the working classes as to catch votes at crucial elections.

Socialistic legislation in Parliament is often warmly supported by the members of the capitalist classes. A great housing scheme may bring light and air to some who formerly lived in insanitary conditions but as the result of all such aims is the rise in the value of neighbouring properties. Landlords, whose connection with a Tory ideology has been the pride of generations, may be the warmest supporters for the removal of slum areas and town development schemes. In the same way parliamentary support is won, say for a University at Malvern. Parliament tightens up control of Sundays. The politicians who walk through the lobbies in support of a more punctilious observance of the sabbath by commercial

establishments find an appreciable rise in the value of their holdings in Southern Railway shares or London Film Debentures. It often happens that the Government is asked to provide funds for some private enterprise on the ground of public utility. Under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, companies established to promote building and improvement schemes often obtain a large part of their capital by loan from the Government on the condition that no one person will have more than a £200 holding in shares. This gesture to socialistic tendencies of the times does not, however, weigh too heavily on the conscience of its capitalist promoters. There is no limit to the holding in loan and stock, and accordingly, when the time comes to pay off the Government, there is quite an eager school of sharks ready to swallow the stock. Britain has for many years been like the vacillating young man who cannot make up his mind. He sometimes flirts with Capitalism and spends a great deal of time with Labour. He seems to want the one and not to be able to do without the other. In his own mind how happy he could be with both—but his life is a misery for both exploit their present opportunities to the full.

This position was never more clearly illustrated than during the strike of the Coal Mine in 1925 and 1926. In the 1925 strike Government paid the owners £10,000,000 as they claimed they could not afford to run the mines unless the men

would accept the lower wages. This the men refused to do. Fleet Street, in spite of the solitary voice of the *Daily Herald*, is a vassal of the capitalists. An organised campaign endeavoured to establish that the wages paid were excessive and, unless these were curtailed, the country was on the verge of ruin. The Government bowed and to avert a strike, paid out the owners blackmail money. When the £10,000,000 subsidy was exhausted trouble brewed afresh. Employees refused to go on without it. Miners refused to either work more or take less. A big strike followed, workers in many allied industries came out in sympathy. For a time the Trade Union paid the workers to stay at home until they found their funds seriously diminished. Then came the turn of the tax payer to be exploited, the burden for the rate-payer. While on strike a man has no right to outdoor relief, but his wife and children have Therefore, a miner with two children could depend on receiving a pound a week at the expense of the rate-payer during such time as he refused to work. No wonder, therefore, that conflicts between Capitalists and Labour have always been difficult of solution.

CHAPTER IV

Lessons in Bed

Until Labour appeared on the scene there have been two parties in the Parliament, one carrying on the administration, the other striving to upset it. The difference between the two parties has never been a very wide one. The difference would be expressed as a difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. Under Mary Tudor, Catholics ruled the country, under her sister Elizabeth, Protestants, and each in turn executed each other for no better reason than the treasonable desire of the opposite party for power.

The two-party system continued in a slightly modified form as Tory and Whig, and since 1832, as Conservative and Liberal. There has been little to choose in their foreign policy or in the main in their domestic policy either. It has been said by Shaw that:

> "This two-division system is not really a two-party system in the sense that the two divisions represent different policies. They may differ about nothing, but they desire for office. Government and Opposition might be called performers and criticisers.

The performers and critics changing places whenever the country is convinced that the critics are right and performers wrong."

There is one matter, however, upon which at some time or the other every member of Parliament stumbles. It is the subject of religion. All these sensible men and women, who solemnly pray with Mr. Amery that the Hindus and Muslims of India should compose their differences, however, debate most acrimoniously the question of parliamentary grants and public elementary schools.

The reason is not far to seek.

Roman Catholics believe Protestants will enjoy the fruits of eternity in Hell.

Protestants seem equally convinced that Roman Catholics constitute the bulk of Satan's Empire.

Unitarians, Methodists, Quakers, Non-Conformists, Dissenters, if not agreed on other matters, are agreed, however, that in substance there is not much to choose between the Church of Rome and the Church of England—the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Seventh Day Adventists consider that true Christians believe in Seventh Day doctrines—implying thereby that all those who don't believe are not Christians.

Hence if everybody is right, by the simple process of logic, one must conclude that in the Island called Great Britain there may be lurking

in a corner here and there an Englishman, but not a single Christian.

II

Under the Education Act of 1870 the Bible has to be read in all schools without reference to any creed or catechism peculiar to any one denomination. But this attempt by legislation to promote healthy and unbiased interest in the Bible has not, however, had the desired effect of either making the British love one another nor solve some of the more serious issues that Science has raised.

According to Genesis, it took the Creator six days to manufacture the Universe.

According to Science, it took millions of years.

According to Genesis, God rested on the Seventh Day.

According to Science, the processes of creation, evolution and development have gone on without respite since the eternity of time without Sundays and without Sabbaths.

According to the Bible, the world is little more than six thousand years old.

According to Science, one thousand million years at least.

At 10 o'clock during Bible class a child learns that the earth is flat, the sky is a ceiling. Heaven is above and Hell below.

At 11 o'clock the same child must be

sufficiently intelligent as to readily grasp that the earth is not in fact flat; there is no heaven in the sky above—at least not a heaven furnished like a king's palace; and if a shaft could be dug vertically down from the British Isles, it would emerge not in Hell but in Australia.

Woman, we have it, according to the Bible, was manufactured without difficulty out of Adam's rib. According to the claims of scientists, however, it took several million experiments, and several billion distillation of complicated essence of worms, fish, monsters and animals. It was only out of this that there emerged the mother of the modern woman.

The British Exchequer spends millions of pounds every year for the endowment of religion as also for the advancement of Science, but hardly a penny is spent on any effort to reconcile these mutually destructive forces. Prime Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer are too afraid of the Bishops to curtail the grants to the Church and are also too afraid of their voters to curtail grants to the Laboratories. Prime Ministers will readily and liberally agree to grants-in-aid, to both Religion and Science, just for peace sake. No Government has yet been formed strong enough to denounce one or the other.

III

Tired of the old adages of religion an earnest Englishwoman with the brain of Socrates and

the tongue of Demosthenes discovered a new faith—Theosophy—and a poor Madrasi youth as the "Star in the East."

Mrs. Beasant, for a time, put aside politics for Theosophy. She discovered a dark little fellow with goblet eyes. From astronomical and astrological calculations he was the promised Messiah and so she sent him to Oxford—the first Messiah to be educated properly.

And after educating him she took him to America.

For a time he had a great vogue not only in England, but also in America and on the Continent.

Here was something new in Messiahs—a Messiah whose clothes were made in Bond Street and who was particular about his trouser-creases. He wrote a little book. "At the Feet of the Master." It had a vast circulation—mainly among those tired of reconciling Religion and Science and even contradictions in religion itself.

God.

What sort of being He is?

What name does He go by?

Many people earnestly believe in a God of Wrath, a Jealous God, a God that brings about pestilences, diseases, pain, war and suffering. Other people believe equally in a God of Love, who loved the world so much and was so concerned about the fate of sinners that He sent His only Son so that by His sacrifice all sinners

may be for ever redeemed.

Is God the same as Jehova or Allah ? Or Brahma? According to many pious, devout and otherwise intelligent Englishmen, no. This conviction is responsible for the powerful proselytising forces and the prosperity of many missions in the East. Many a good Church-going Englishmen (and Englishwomen) has believed that by the liberal contributions towards the Crusades, salvation armies, one can reserve *de luxe* cabins in the Kingdom of Heaven. This is not to say that British and American Missions do no excellent work among the many millions who persist in calling God by other names. A large number of converts are every year gained in India and Africa, mainly among the Negros and scheduled classes, but at the present rate of progress it would take a hundred thousand years before the British Empire would be even partially converted to Christianity.

There is a shortage of accommodation apparently everywhere except in the Kingdom of Heaven, where apparently huge palaces are lying empty awaiting to be occupied.

Hell, on the other hand, in spite of its tropical climate, continues to draw the elite of the Earth ; Prime Ministers, Lord Chancellors, Magistrates, Cambridge Dons and Clerics of all demominations and all races.

Tired of old adages, Mrs. Beasant and her friends went in search of the promised teacher.

Time, stars and degradation of the world indicated that the Messiah must be at hand. And so was found Krishnamurti, who bore a Hindu name but collected Christian disciples.

Krishnamurti's large black eyes fascinated the women of Park Lane, his sleek black was a wonder in the East End. His accent and diction were marvellous. But he added little to the gifts of his predecessors. He produced nothing to compare with the Sermon on the Mount. "At the Feet of the Master" looked merely like old wine in a new bottle.

Nor did the new Messiah do anything very amazing at Oxford. He never, for instance, went up to a jazz band and puncture the drums or crash the cymbals upon the floor. He never wrote to the President of the League of Nations, nor asked the Prince of Wales to get married and produce a male heir to the British Empire. He dissolved the "Order of the Star in the East" and went into comparative retirement.

IV

The failure of Mrs. Beasant was a death blow to Europe. All went in search of new Messiahs.

The German-speaking races discovered *Hitler*.

Southern Europe discovered *Mussolini*.

England did not, however, discover Churchill until late in 1940. Meanwhile Bishops, Deans and Clergymen generally debated fiercely the Common Prayer Book.

CHAPTER V

London before the Storm

The best way to see London is to walk. So having to report my arrival, I decided to do the journey from Grosvenor House to the Houses of Parliament without requisitioning taxi or bus. The morning was crisp and sunny; the walk down Park Lane to Westminster was, therefore, delightful.

After signing the Book and being welcomed by the Secretary of the Empire Parliamentary Association, Sir Howard d'Egville, I walked back to Oxford Circus *via* Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly, lunching on the way with a friend at the Criterion.

From Oxford Circus I used a bus to Marble Arch, having earned the penny ride, and got back home to Grosvenor House, *via* a circuitous route through the Park.

II

Thirteen years is a long time. Naturally one would have expected London to be greatly changed—overhead railways, perhaps an airport at Selfridge's, sofas in Hyde Park, television in flap jacks, and a dictatorship in Westminster.

Nothing quite so progressive or outstanding is, however, in evidence. The same prehistoric taxis rumble along—only thirteen years older. The London policeman looks the same, except a little worried over the advent of Belisha rivals. At Mme. Tussaud's there is but little change, except for recent renewals and rearrangements necessitated by reshuffling in the Cabinet. The daily round of pageantry staged by the Buckingham Palace guard continues to delight London children of all ages between 6 to 60. Big Ben retains its reputation as the noisiest clock in the world. Crowds gather as before at St. Margaret's to watch the bride's first apprehensions, while hungry millions find food and music at innumerable Lyon's and A.B.C. food shops. Raucous-voiced bus conductors continue to urge Albion to 'hurry along please', and dreamy-eyed *debutantes* make their maiden voyages to court amidst waves of tulle and lace. There is no change in the demeanour of the orderly queues at the half-a-crown entrances, nor in the electric monsters which hurtle through the earth from Hammersmith to Holborn, Notting Hill Gate to Bank, Mordent to Lambeth, while indefatigable escalators disgorge great cargoes of humanity into Piccadilly and Hyde Park Corner. England's weather maintains its national reputation.

A dècade and a half ago, the Prince of Wales was concluding his famous Odysseys to the distant quarters of his inheritance. Politicians hoped he would marry well-meaning diplomatical-

ly; eyery girl hoped he would marry well-meaning herself. But he preferred bachelor informality at St. James to the more formal environments of Marlborough House. Gladys Cooper drew large crowds at the Play House while Lady Diana Cooper's beauty kept the social photographers and gossips busy. The Lady Diana is now a stately matron and Gladys Cooper has abandoned London for New York and Hollywood. London today divides its interest between the telephone girl with a golden voice and the hats of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

Thirteen years ago Lloyd George had been dethroned; he was now making a fresh bid for power. Thirteen years ago, everybody abhorred War and strove for Peace; now everybody seems to abhor peace and to prepare for War. The League of Nations was alive then, it was a corpse now. Curzon and Birkenhead used to enrich Hansard and the daily press with epigrams; Winston Churchill now seemed to be the sole surviving craftsman of that art. Mussolini and Hitler were unknown; and England was just getting over a conscientious objection to Ramsay MacDonald. Lord Northcliffe's place is still vacant. Fleet Street was a power then; it has become a sewage now.

Distasteful as it may seem America may rightly claim the cultural conquest of England. Grape Fruit had displaced Quaker Oats and cantaloup melon orthodox *hors-d'œuvre.* Vast

quantities of ice-cream are served as slices of health; sundaes, milk-shakes and earthquakes; together with tomato cocktails, proclaim a new mechanised dietry. Two-and-a-half million boys and girls hide weekly, playing truant with the family joint. This not to say, however, that there is a total abstention from flesh during the week-end. Thirteen years ago, the boys took their best girls for rides; it now seems to be the other way. Grosvenor House had not been built, and the service flat was just coming into its own. Hair was long and fussy; hairdressers had not yet discovered the fortunes that lay in gold, copper and ebony. Faces had not been lifted, and monkeys kept their secrets and their glands. The B.B.C. was more in contemplation than in embryo. And when Hawker fell into the Atlantic, it was considered an achievement.

Thirteen years ago we called it the Serpentine. It is well-hnown as Lansbury's Lido: it marks the high-water achievement of a Labour Government.

III

The more one sees of London the more does it loom vast, immense and immeasurable. Miles and miles of street and byway, great fortunes in stone and mortar. In area and population London is comparable to a first-class state. To provide for its daily subsistence is indicative of its colossal proportions. Twenty million fowls, mainly Ulster birds, are kept busy supplying London's daily want

in vitamins; and a vast acreage, in the estate of the Port of London Authority, is reserved to house London's requirements in afternoon tea alone.

It is erroneous, however, to suppose that there is only one London. This heart of England, this vast glamorous city, the capital of an illusory Empire, is a London of several moods and a multitude of tastes. There is the London of the gay, West-End, with its glittering homes in Park Lane and Brook Street; London of the social climbers in fashion's hot-houses; the politically great, economically sufficient and the indolent rich. This London establishes its sophistication from Thursday to Tuesday, buys in Bond Street and tailors in Saville Row; sups at the Blue Train and adds to the shine on the polished floors of the Ritz and Dorchester; hunts in Buckinghamshire and parades under fantastic parasols at Ascot, combining polo with poker at Ranelagh.

There is the much larger London, less carefree and sophisticated, but which takes its successes with a cheer and its sorrows with a smile; the London that patronizes Woolworth Stores and the basement bargains at Selfridges that fornicates round the bushes of Hyde Park and spends its Sundays at Richmond; a London that reads the *Daily Mail* and believes it; that lives on sandwiches and roast beef.

There is also the London of Eastcheap and White Chapel, of the dockyards and the opium

dens—the London of crime, dope and want.

There is the London of Leicester Square and its neighbourhood of the gay choruses, cheap stores and quixotic eating places ; the London of the City, closely allied to the markets of the world ; and the London of Fleet Street, ink stained, where many freaks of nature transform murderers and villains into heroes, and proclaim in a thousand ways the ridicule of the Gospel and of civilization. A casual stroll round Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly will also reveal a new London of noisy movie houses, dance clubs, cabarets, skating rinks, cocktails, bars and private rooms ; a London of beauty parlours ; fragrant cigarettes, painted lips and *cherise* nails ; the Bright Young Set and the Divorce Courts.

But the earth you stand on is no longer the proud invincible England. The Plantagenets and Tudors are dead. Drake, Releigh and the Virgin Queen turn in their graves.

Politically, socially and culturally the conquest of Britain is complete. In the process of conquest many have taken a hand—Chinese, Japanese, Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen and American mulattos. An ample share in the spoils of conquests have also gone to the ubiquitous Scotch.

A visit to any restaurant will prove that the French and Americans are in complete occupation of the kitchens. Multitudinous *hors-d'œuvres,* innumerable species of poisson—not to be confused

with poison,—intriguing entrees and cunning puddings. A menu is generally a complicate maze of specialised terminology and mathematical notations. For the price of some comfortable necessities of life, one may discover and enjoy amazing combinations of snails, frogs, sparrows, monsters from tropical seas, horse tail and donkey milk, garnished with quaint sauces, lemon and spice. To ask for roast beef and Yorkshire pudding would not only be an insult to the army of occupation, but would betray a very low grade of civilization.

Hitlerism and German efficiency are apparent in the new standards of life symbolised particularly in the colossal structures that rise into the sky, like giant ocean liners, with windows, the size of doors, and doors in the proportions of Babylon's Gates. The new standards of living are indicated also in sun parlours, fantastic devices in illumination, express lifts, and pretty page-boys recruited from the armies of Lilliput.

The Americans, of course, set the taste in talkies, the standard in post-midnight entertainment, in liqueur brandies and the polo at Hurlingham, Chicago and New York also make the Dorchester and Claridge's Hotels possible; without their custom, the Ritz, Berkley and Mayfair would have to curtail establishment.

Beauty culture is essentially a contribution from the East. As long ago as forty centuries before Christ, beauties on the banks of Nile and Indus knew the art of seducing mankind by fragrance

in the hair and red lips in the calls sentiment and passion. Beauty culture is now the altar commanding the rites and homage of the general womanhood of today. It has been brought to a stage of commercialism, thanks to French ingenuity, American money and a two million post-war surplus.

It is impracticable to record the hundreds of beauty fads, with which the London woman of the year makes her bid for supremacyof the feminine world. All the resources of science and invention have been exhausted in the process. Monkeys from the forests of Africa and Burma have considerably enlarged the scope of her activities and the range of her conquests. Face *lifting* has *brought* into the competitive ranks thousands of women who would have otherwise been available only for charity. The numbers of women, therefore, in active service, are considerably more than indicated by census calculations, for these beauty parlours can and do accomplish miracles. According to those who know, any homely girl, after a few hours in the masterly hands of a hairdresser, masseur and gown-designer, emerge as a beauty; and, if already a beauty, be transformed into an ethereal apparition. A yard of crepe ingenuously suspended or a whiff of subtle fragrance may make all the difference between a mortal and an angel

It is not surprising that in these limitless fields of whim and caprice the best materials from

the advertising standpoint are exploited. The help of cinema stars, *debutantes*, the newly married and the lately divorced is sought by the manufacturers of soap and face creams in the mutual wars of their trades. You will read that, whatever your taste in beauty, whether the pink, white and gold of English, Americans have to offer blonde, brunette and mulatto, the world of fashion of two Continents agree that the secrets of eternal bloom lie in the use of a certain vanishing cream. But the manufacturer of other patent requisites will not be outdone, and endeavour to convince you that cosmetics, however good, and creams however nourishing, can only touch the surface of your skin. Internal cleanliness is necessary to maintain the clear texture of a faultless skin.

According to the press, therefore, a modern woman must be powdered to her and his satisfaction (more hers than his), with a reputable brand of powder, in a shade to match her type, laid over equally reputable brands of face, night and vanishing creams. The radiant bloom on her cheeks will depend, not merely upon her flapjack, but equally on a course of saline, which will not only look after the extra eclairs but also be responsible for the boyish feeling. Rollers will move mountains, while a mouthwash ensures fragrance, and a deoderant keeps other odours mum.

Mussolini and Hitler failed to regulate the dictates and the whims of the cosmetic urge of their day. Statisticians, on the other hand, have

been conscious for some time of the social benefits from the widespread use of cosmetics. There is a rise in the number of seaside excursions, a boom in the divorce trades, and an almost complete repair of the ravages of war in the birth-rate.

While Russian Grand Dukes and Austrian Countesses washed dishes in Berlin restaurants, the annexation of the British peerage by American heiresses proceeded apace. Noble Lords who had often little to offer than their names; the Americans, on the other hand, need little more than the names. The union may, therefore, be regarded as successful—being well based upon the principles of supply and demand.

A walk down Regent Street convinced the casual observer that the barriers and snobbery that once guaranteed the insular security of the English from other races had been amply shattered. The loveliest blonds were driving sun-tanned Lotharios in Dagenham roadsters, while the dark-haired French and the still darker Italians vied with one another in the quest of the roses of England.

To those who looked back with regret to the great bygone days, when England was not only the mistress of the seas, but also the mistress of the financial and economic world, nothing could be more depressing than the realization that not only has proud England been conquered, but that England was for sale. Everyday the back pages of the *Times* and the *Morning Post* were reserved for

announcements of auctions of hunting lodges, acres of woodland, trout streams, mountain tops, poultry farms and mansions echoing with great memories of the historic past. Vast slices of the Cotswold Hills, the Kentish Coast and the Windermere Lakes were to be brought under the hammer—unless previously surrendered by private treaty. In the West-End, owners of famous mansions, where Disraeli and Gladstone frowned at one another, and where many a heir to the throne had an informal evening off from cares of state, were on the look-out for syndicates that would transform their residences into motor garages. The Grand Old Order, which like a fine ancient building assailed on the outside by the elements and at the foundation by rats, was rapidly falling to pieces—undermined by Chancellors of the Exchequer and Tax Collectors.

CHAPTER VI

Nobody's Baby

His Majesty's Government gave a banquet at Claridge's in our honour. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, was in the Chair, supported by Lord Zetland, Secretary of State for India. The Conference has concluded its London programme.

Both the Lord Chancellor and Col. Reitz who replied to the main toast of the Parliaments of the Empire, made special and sympathetic reference to the Indian question. In his speech at the inaugural luncheon at Westminster, the Prime Minister also made particular reference to India, in a voice apparently touched with emotion.

Do these references mean anything? Are they sincere in expressing Empire feeling towards India? Individually of the speakers possibly yes: but can the same be said generally of the Cabinet, Parliament and the British people?

Sir Cowasjee Jehangir, who had been meeting several persons in the know, brought the news that the British Government of the day was sincere: the safeguards and shortcomings of the Government of India Bill would be greatly minimised as a result of the spirit in which the new Constitution will be allowed to function.

To understand an Englishman's view-point on India, as related to the Empire, one must remember certain basic facts, which are usually emphasised in the daily press and current political literature, and which are naturally, therefore, uppermost in his mind and colour his outlook. These may be broadly summarised as follows :

In the first place the average Englishman is unable to forget the magnitude of India, the diversity in its races, languages and religions, the cultural chasms between tribe and tribe, community and community, faith and faith, worship, superstition and caste. The situation, as he sees it, is complicated by the rapidly growing numbers of well-educated and keenly self-conscious minorities, the product of the universities, a new European antithesis, which revels in a new-found civilisation of finely creased trousers, a fluency in English and a diet of ox-tongue and boiled potatoes, a highly polished minority producing great judges, able lawyers, scholars and scientists of merit, capable administrators and a galaxy of political talent. The problem of India, therefore, to the average Englishman, lies in the answer as to what is the most suitable form of government for one-fifth of the human race, divided into the protagonists and antagonists of cow-slaughter, who take their ethics from primitive folk-lore and legend, and their political ideals from Burke and Robespierre, whose climate is enervating, whose intelligentsia is the mass product of second-rate

universities, whose capacity to buy and consume is the life and blood of Manchester and Lancashire, who have in their midst hereditary autocracies established under ambiguous treaties, but sanctioned and maintained with the resources of the British Empire.

In the midst of these difficulties come the problems connected with the association of the Crown in the Government of India, and all that is implied thereby. It is stale controversy now to enquire whether the band of merchants, who carried with them the Charter of Elizabeth, intended merely to establish lucrative trade relations in India, or whether they intended subtly to lay the foundations of an Empire in the heart of the immemorial East. At any rate, in due season with the break-up of the Moghul Empire and the anarchy that ensued, the East India Company declared its readiness to assume the responsibility for the government of the Indian people. Half the countries of Europe also expressed their willingness to discharge this sacred trust on behalf of humanity. France and Portugal made definite efforts towards this end, but All-Bountiful Providence willed otherwise.

In 1858 it was decided that the Crown could better look after its interests directly, than through a Board of Directors sitting in Calcutta. In order, therefore, to satisfactorily perform this great task the flower of English manhood was drawn to the Indian services; the Pucca Sahib became an

institution both at District and Central headquarters. But some of the Pucca Sahibs, in less responsible moments, created a number of Sahibs, not so pucca as themselves. In the meantime also a section of the population started to grow restive. Questions began to be asked as to how long the trusteeship would last.

No definite answer was forthcoming until 1917, when the Allies were fighting with their backs to the wall. It seemed for a time that the German armies were going to smash through (of course through cultivation itself). India was restive. Men, Men and yet more Men; Money, Money and yet more Funds were needed to feed the guns of war. Thus came about the solemn declaration of August, 1917, stating that the development of self-governing institutions, and the establishment of responsible government, was the goal of British intention in India. When the situation was once again complicated, Lord Irwin obtained an authoritative explanation that these intentions meant the establishment of dominion government in India. But, with the passing of those emergencies, attempts have subsequently been made to explain away the meaning of Lord Irwin's statement and to avoid its logical implications.

India is thus, in England, a non-party question. No Prime Minister, no matter what his majority, will stake the existence of his Government on India. India, therefore, moves along the

road of good intentions rather than practical politics. There is seldom pressure sustained long enough from India itself to secure anything substantial. Occasionally the incidents of external circumstances—a war, fall in exports, or an upset in the international exchange—may secure the appointment of a commission or a conference to devise ways and means. By the time, however, that the commission or conference has recorded evidence, investigated affairs, received deputations and delegations, discussed memoranda, written its report, and had the attention of the Government of India and the Secretary of State, the necessity has passed; the general outlook has altered; the giver no longer wants to give, the recipient is disgruntled and disillusioned. In delay and procrastination his enthusiasm for settlement has waned; he is convinced he has been sidetracked. Thus the cycle works its vicious round to a new commission, a new conference, a fresh investigation, new avenues of exploration and new difficulties.

This is the essentially British manner of handling difficult situations—not only in the case of India, but in other matters too in which bold and far-reaching decision is necessary. India is only one instance. Ireland, Divorce. the House of Lords, the Prayer Book, and Birth Control have all the same history. In these matters the psychology of the average Englishman plays a great part. He likes to feel he is playing the game, even though he isn't; he likes to play a

game, it does not matter what, no matter whether he can play it or not. He is self-sufficient; he has few ideas and generally hates an idea when he meets one. He is essentially conservative and abhors adventure in unchartered seas. He has an acute mistrust of the cosmopolitan. Generally, he is a generous opponent, but, not infrequently, acts up to the dictum that everything is fair in love and war.

CHAPTER VII

A Good Tamasha

Outside my window rumble along the gay red and white buses of London's General Transport, and the more luxurious conveyances of the Green Line. Numbers 16, 33, 36, and 73 crash up and down every other minute, sometimes more often than one a minute. Grosvenor House and Park Lane are on the direct routes to Finchley, Golders Green, Crickleword, Hammersmith and Richmond.

The days have gone full and fast. Amidst several other functions there was an interesting luncheon at the General Post Office at which Sir Abdur Rahim, on behalf of India, responded to the main toast. The luncheon was followed by an inspection of the Telephone Exchange, where myriads of economically sufficient women look hungrily at every passer-by. Imperial Chemicals also arranged a luncheon, which was held at their headquarters on the banks of the Thames. The B.B.C. had us to tea where we had the good fortune to see a *prima donna* go on the air; we also saw a gramophone record go on the air. Among the receptions, mention should be made

of the one given by the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Conservative Party's official hostess. There were present several hundred people (mostly unknown to one another): one made their acquaintance, however, in the *Times* next morning; they included the Prime Minister and his Mrs., the Diplomatic Corps and their ladies, both Houses of Parliament, the Press, the City, Mayfair, and foreign *alumni*. Lady Stanley, who also held a reception, gathered a remarkable assemblage of pretty women to meet the Empire. I managed to monopolise one extraordinarily handsome and loquacious.

The Middle Temple broke an ancient rule when it allowed its Hall to be utilised for the profanities of political speech. Many of those present at the banquet bore names to conjure with in contemporary England; Viscount Finlay, Lord Hanworth (Master of the Rolls), Lord Hewart (Lord Chief Justice), Mr. Justice Eve, De Laszlo (the artist), Sir Holman Gregory, Wilfred Greene and more than a dozen other famous King's Counsel.

His Majesty the King reviewed his Fleet at Spithead The Admiralty, in collaboration with the Southern Railway, made the necessary arrangements for Government guests. A series of pullman specials left Waterloo in the morning for Portsmouth—some leaving as early as ten o'clock while others as late as quarter-past-twelve.

Happily the E.P.A. delegates were accommo-

dated in a special, in which luncheon was served on the way—which was fortunate, considering what happened to a number of early departures destined for the *Maine*.

Portsmouth was beflagged in gay bunting and the national flags of England's late allies, intermingled with a goodly proportion of Union Jacks of all sizes. The Fleet was moored in four rows, supplemented lines of auxiliary ships, merchant vessels, famous yachts and the fishing-fleet.

India was represented by the sloop *Indus*, which, however, could be found only on the map.

The shore seemed to be lined with the entire population of the South of England. Till the stipulated time, the noise of sirens, hooters and horns was deafening.

We were placed aboard one of the vessels chartered by the Admiralty. It carried a number of members of Parliament and among others Mr. L S. Amery, the paterfamilias of the E.P.A. The Crossley's with whom I dined earlier in the week, were also aboard: Crossley was a promising M.P., his wife was an artist and very much a picture herself.

There was plenty in the way of ice-cream and drinks aboard.

A procession was formed with a Trinity House yacht leading the way; the *Victor* and *Albert* came second, followed by the Lords of the Admiralty in the *Enchantress*. Government guests were in three vessels bringing up the tail.

It is said that at the Coronation Review of 1911, 175 British ships and 18 foreign ships were assembled. The assembly in July, 1914, was even larger, there being 228 ships, of which 60 were capital and 51 were cruisers. The Admiralty on the present occasion could muster only 11 capital ships and 25 cruisers; this too was made possible only with the help of the Mediterranean Fleet, which had been brought home specially for the function.

No wonder Anthony Eden was not having much success at Geneva.

This is what one of the newspapers had to say on the subject:

"When we see the apparent strength of the assembled fleet, it is well to remember that many ships present are over-age, or nearing obsolescence, and that only a minority are fully manned with trained men."

It required undaunted courage to stage the brave tamasha at Spithead.

CHAPTER VIII

A Grand Opportunity

The programme of the Conference shows that it is to be an intimate party to celebrate the head of the family's assumption of responsibilities twenty-five years ago.

Prodigal sons and fertile daughters foregather from the distant corners of the world. Great rejoicing and ample hospitality mark the home-coming. Many a fatted calf sizzles above the grill, cellars have been ransacked for the choicest in vintages and the grape-fruit industry is to demonstrate England's prosperity. Livery Companies, Chambers of Commerce and Port Trustees vie, one with another, in the warmth of their welcome. The Ruling House once again establishes its identity with the common interest by collaborating in the elaborate programme of hospitality. Obsolete battleships are polished up for a Naval Review, while tin tanks are scheduled to roll across Aldershot Plain to the accompaniment of 'God Save the King.'

Fine salmon and goodly wine were consumed at the Royal Empire Society's luncheon. Colonel Denys Reitz, Leader of the South African delegation, responded to the toast of the Parliaments of

the Empire and referred to the happy condition of the native population of his country. They were not ready to be trusted with the vote, though they could be trusted to look after white children. This was but natural, explained Col. Reitz, as the vote is something in the nature of a lethal weapon, which might blow the Government of which he is a member to smithereens at any time. The natives must, therefore, learn to walk before they can run: meanwhile, their interests are safe in the hands of the Government, who are acting as trustees on behalf of the civilised world.

The Chairman, Sir Archibald Weigall, referred to flaws in the parliamentary system whereby Ministers are appointed to their offices without any administrative experience at all. The assemblage rattled the table tops for a speech from Mr. J. H. Thomas, who was present. Thomas settled the problem of the natives and the inexperience of Ministers in one sentence: "My friend, the Chairman, when referring to Ministers was no doubt thinking of the 3 o'clock. Col. Reitz will be applauded in South Africa tomorrow for having hoisted the national flag in London."

Three items of the programme were reserved for the Empire Parliamentary Conference:

(1) the Air Force Review at Duxford, (2) the Army Review at Aldershot and (3) the Review of the Fleet at Spithead.

The first exhibition of England's pre-war might—in the air—was impressive. The same aeroplanes went round and round, again and again, so that one might look as two and two might appear four. More interesting than the aircraft was the Royal Family, who came with an impressive *entourage*, including their Highnesses of Kashmir and Patiala.

The most enjoyable part of the programme, however, was the long drive out to Duxford by car. Basu and I had one of the Humbers to ourselves. The speedometer indicated '70' in places.

II

It has been a grand home-coming—all these sons and daughters from so many distant corners of the world. Little Mother has done her best. The pigs have been killed, the cellars have been robbed; more salmon has been bathed in mayonnaise than one cares to remember. And now to a little business, what about the unemployment problem? Little Mother is in difficulties.

In a large-sized room, sombre and cunning, off Westminster Hall, sits the Conference. No splash of colour enlivens the scenes; the room belongs to the Middle Ages. We are here to add a page or two to history and to the volumes written and bound here.

Says little Mother: "We have just about a couple of million unemployed. The books will tell you that we are packed closer here in the

square yard than anywhere else in the world. In some parts of the family estate it is difficult to find the one man who lives in the hundred square miles. If you, my children, could take over some of these unemployed they will do very well in your hands, for they are strong and able. And, incidentally, it will mean something off the dole and eventually something off income-tax."

"Yes, of course, dear Mother," says Canada, "yes, we have a lot of land, where we can put down a lot of men, and we would be very glad to do so. There are two small difficulties however in the way: firstly, the problem of supporting these unemployed until they can support themselves; and secondly, the resentment recently aroused over in Canada at the treatment which your Liverpool importers accord to our prize bulls, which instead of being sent to farms, where they can prove their worth, are barbarously sent to the slaughter-house."

Mother. "Oh! We must ask Mr. Elliot to look into that."

New Zealand appears truly sympathetic: "I think we should do everything possible to help the poor Mother out of her difficulties. I wish New Zealand could do more, but, unfortunately, we are such a small island, and nearly every man has got a job. The land also is fully occupied. We have, however, one or two Ocean Reclamation Schemes in hand, and will be glad to take our share of the unemployed as soon as we have the

land to put them on to."

Barbados : "We too are a very small island faced with the difficulty of having no surplus land available for colonization. But we have a splendid remedy for over-production and consequent unemployment. Our surgeons sterilize the superfluous."

Mother : "The Pope would never agree to that in this country."

Australia : "It is a good solution. Why not persuade Labour Party to agree? It will be a permanent solution of the unemployment problem. If not, we can offer some land in North Australia. It is a little warm, there are a few deserts, but you can have it."

India : "Is it warm? Then it will suit us very well."

South Africa (to India). "It will suit everybody much better if you stay where you are."

India "Rubbish. The Empire is joint property."

Mother (tapping the table) "Now, now, we are wandering from the point. The general feeling seems to be that you are willing to welcome settlers from the old country . . ."

(General silence.)

Canada: "So long as they are economically sound and are of the right type."

Northern Ireland: "In so far as the last remark applies to unemployed of Scottish extraction, we must resent the imputation. No Scotsman is otherwise than of the right type."

Southern Ireland (grinning): "Did you hear that?"

Mother. "Order, order. As there is no agreement today we must postpone discussion to the next Conference which Sir Howard D'Egville hopes to arrange. Meanwhile Mr. Amery should publish a report."

CHAPTER IX

Sabbath Interludes

A Saturday night. Theatre...And a quarter-to-twelve.

Piccadilly and Leicester Square were disgorging their restless thousands still anxious to be amused. It was too early to go to bed; the girls of the chorus had raised hopes. The Gilberts, the Filberts, from the wooden huts of Mayfair, were out in all their glory-gloves, shining toppers and five-pound notes. The less affluent made for the Hammersmith Tube. London prepared for the sabbath.

A famous restaurant, magnificent in every detail. A *chef* recruited from the culinary aristocracy, a glittering dance-hall, a slippery floor, a cabaret and wild music. It was midnight, the hour when hearts are played and rubbers lost.

Great roadsters, regal limousines, slick cabriolets de ville, liveried *chauffeurs,* and nestling in deeply cushioned upholstery, dazzling Cleopatras, who flicked ash into trays of gold.

The pavements swarmed with the cheap and hungry, who watched the big cars unload their freights of fame and beauty. Writers, actresses, painters, diplomats, leaders of society, *debutantes,*

their chaperons and escorts, ex-Kings, Dukes and their mistresses, Indian Rajas and American millionaires. Here were the great idle rich in their most active moments.

The illumination of the big room, fast filling, was bizarre and sensuous. There was the chatter of several hundred voices and a confluence of a myriad perfumes. An exuberant band pounded the air in jazz called music.

Around the room were faces, young and old, ugly and beautiful, sophisticated and ostensibly innocent. The atmosphere was tense and pregnant with thrill.

Items of the cabaret interspaced the general dancing. Champagne flowed; it would seem that the vineyards of France could never supply enough.

Suddenly the lights were dimmed and a spotlight bathed the centre of the dance floor in a ring of flame. A girl was chasing imaginary spirits. Her body, ever so dazzling, was splashed only with the scarlet of lips and the red of the rose in her hair. Frantic rattle of cutlery showed that the *hors-d'œuvre* had been popular.

Some more general dancing, and then ten pretty maidens, in top hats and doublets, demonstrated the latest in high kicking and infantry parade.

At a neighbouring table a Prince and his friends were having a private show of their own.

"Trust," said the Prince to the girl on his right, placing a sandwich on an impertinent nose.

"Go."

And she made a wild bite into space. Shrieks of princely laughter followed the sandwich to the floor. People looked round and smiled. An ass in mid-Atlantic is amusing.

A black-haired *senorita* from Spain lisped, "Who says I don't like a banana?"..."Wait and see!" The husky voice, the coloured lights and the whiffs of soft perfume were infectious. The audience was soon entangled in the mash of the *senorita's* alluring black eyes, her panting breasts, and the undulation of her body to the rhythm of the music. Men watched the red curves of her mouth and the glittering sheen of her hair. Applause! The audience was mad.

If you are fortunate, an unattached maiden may ask you to pay for a drink. No better investment can be made when you yourself have a thirst to quench.

While arm in arm you cross the street and the raucous drums still smash the air into a thousand pieces, you cannot help revelling in this wonderful hour, when the stars look like jewels set in a velvet sky, and the lamps, bright windows, flaring, fantastic, scintillating signs all-blaze into the joy of a London night.

II

It is Sunday, the day the gods need asperin and brandy after a strenuous week! The crowd was pouring into the Park for the Sunday fashion parade. Every woman with a parasol to display, or a man with a new pair of spats was there. So too the social columnists and photographers. During the coming week, the world of fashion and gossip will express its wonderment how hunting tiger in the African jungle has not affected the schoolgirl complexion of Lady X, or how Lord Y divides his time between the traffic courts and the South of France, and on the marvellous grace of the Belgravia twins.

On the other side of the Park another crowd was pouring in. Bills and, Arriets, Labour agitators, disgruntled Churchmen, Negroes, Indians, Third Internationalists and the Salvation Army. The all too few seats had been bought up and many prepared to spend the day on the grass. The insects of the Serpentine huddled together, alarmed at the invasion of the lobster and mackerel, that plunged into the water from the diving boards.

Towards Marble Arch, the crowds were grouping themselves into circles that seemed to widen. There was a circle that was singing the Psalms of David.

"Wait," said a man with a bald head, "I will show you the greatness of the Lord."

The crowd gazed upwards, while the man on the platform performed some evolutions with his

hands; his face showed the contortions through which he was putting his mind.

"Did you see the Lord?"

"No," said the audience.

"Now you may continue your song," said he, "for without the help of the Lord I could not have interrupted you."

A few yards off a young fellow faced a hostile crowd as a spy might face a firing squad. He was the official propagandist of an anti-Socialist Union.

"We face War and they waste time in Peace Ballots. Bullets keep the peace, not ballots."

"A bullet would make you keep the peace," said a listener.

The speaker smiled and continued: "Socialists are the curse of this country."

"And what about 'em Lauds and Maquisisses?"

"I am coming to them," said the speaker.

"Come quick," sniggered a youngster; "you may miss the train."

Under a large flag and on a very elaborate platform, a bearded patriarch was holding forth:

"Jehovah," said he, "is the Lord of all. He has no sons and daughters, never having had a wife."

Two pretty Jewesses looked on admiringly; it's marvellous what faith can admire. The audience was good-humoured.

"What does Jehovah think of Hitler?"

The patriarch did not intend to be drawn into politics.

"I am not in the Lord's confidence," he said calmly.

"Why not ask the League of Nations?"

General merriment dissolved the next point in the patriarch's address.

A few yards off a voice was thundering:

"Except the mugwamps—meaning the anti-Socialists—over there, the people of this country believe in the League of Nations and in Peace without War."

An old lady: "Hear, hear."

The speaker continued: "The Peace Ballot is unmistakable proof that twelve million people in this country believe in open diplomacy."

"What about the Naval Treaty?"

The question is answered in the audience: "We are friends now with 'em Huns: they've visited the Prince of Wales."

The British Empire Union was having a rough time defending neutrality over Abyssinia and German methods on the North-West Frontier of India.

"See those fellows over there," said a man holding forth under the auspice of a Red Flag, "they talk of God. Let 'em come over where I live and tell us the whereabouts of God. Let 'em walk our pavements any evening and see the children with their noses glued to the windows—hungry eyes and empty stomachs! Where is

their God? I suppose they'd say they should be satisfied with the glory of the Union Jack."

A new recruit to the outdoor Methodist Mission was justifying his selection. He had the ample audience of three—a nurse, a baby and a perambulator. But he was inspired with the good work of his mission and rattled along like the Flying Scotsman.

A few yards away there was a vast congregation listening reverently to a speaker from the 'Council of Public Morals.' "Syphilis—Be careful if you can't be good!" was the subject of his sermon.

The Third Internationlists, the messengers of the Red Flag, and the venereal specialists can count on the best hearing in Hyde Park.

And thus every Sunday and often every evening the crowd passes from one circle to another, picking up crumbs of morality, religion and politics—savoured with blasphemy prurience and sedition. Policemen mingle with the crowd, smile at the observations against God, Church and State Hyde Park is the safety-valve of the British social boiler. Nobody would dream of choking it.

And while the demagogues were paving the roads of democracy in fanciful patterns, there was a traffic jam at Hyde Park corner. For a few minutes, the great rivers of speeding automobiles were blocked· an old lady wanted to cross the street. The backwash of the temporary blockade was felt at the Marble Arch end.

Suddenly throttles opened gaily: the old lady had successfully forded the stream. Like the swirl of waters let loose, a thousand cars sped round the highways of the Park.

Lolling on the grass and on the penny seats were myriads of the younger generation, looking plaintively into each other's eyes. They are good pals, these boys and girls of the present generation. In calm moments they make excellent friends,—in wild moments excellent bed-fellows. This generation has little use, however, for marriage because husbands become bores and babies are always a mess.

The sun was warm all day, too warm for any one except the seekers after tan and burn. It was 86 in the shade—the highest on a Sunday afternnoon for the century. Next day it was the front-page splash of all the tabloids. To a generous sun was credited heat-strokes, deaths and suicides. The *Times* was inspired to write a leader, and the weather experts became busy forecasting further records. The *Daily Mail* discovered that the mercury at 89 was the precise temperature that was responsible for the disaster of 1066. The Southern Railway's Four Shillings to Brighton and Back took a distracted London to the Sea, while sellers of boaters, palmbeach and bathing-suits reaped enviable harvests.

III

It is a red-letter day in Fleet Street; the afternoon editions have sold like hot buns. For the first time in history a bitch has won open stakes. Lady Ashley has returned on board the *Empress of Britain* with Douglas Fairbanks (Senior,) though, as the *Daily Express* says, they are certainly not married (officially). Capt. Alexander Kane, who is languishing in a Madrid gaol, is to be aided by a K.C. from London (thanks to the public-spirited activities of the *Daily Express*).

There is also a Parliamentary Conference, in which the Government is directly or indirectly interested, and upon which considerable sums of money have been spent in bringing it about. But the London Press has other calls more important upon its space,—for instance, the Arrival of Lady Ashley and Douglas Fairbanks aforesaid, Talks about Talkies, the Fifty Million Pound a year that Common Colds Cost Britain, the Farewell at Waterloo Station between Mr. Leslie Henson and Miss Beatrice Lillie, the Major Who Lost Six Hundred and Eighty Thousand Pounds, the Five Hundred Hungry Guests at the Naval Review, and Cures for Loneliness.

When I arrived in London, I enquired about the approaches to Fleet Street, hoping to do a little propaganda for India (and possibly myself!). I was informed that there were three royal roads to Fleet Street—Murder, Adultery and the Publi-

city Agent. The easiest of these roads is of course Murder. Arthur Grierson, for instance, by merely finding a soft spot in his landlady, found also a soft spot in Fleet Street, which in return gave him a publicity that normally a hundred thousand pounds could not have bought.

The publicity agent, like the lawyer and the professional woman, is open to engagement. Accordingly pretty ladies, about whose ancestry or progeny there are doubts, seek the publicity agent. Like other matrimonial specialists he provides the evidence. He will felicitously describe the ancestry and progeny (touching out all the matters of doubt); he will find the paragraphists, the gossip-purveyors, the photographers and the editors. He not only undertakes to make reputations, but also to repair reputations. And so there knock at his door the *Debutante* who wants to marry well, the Divorcee who wants to retain a name on the invitation lists, the Lawyer who would like an occasional puff, the Diplomat who needs information, the Company Promoter who has some third mortgage debentures to dispose of, Chorus Girls in hope of custom, Boxers out of contract, Shipping Agencies in need of passengers, Societies requiring members and others seeking fame. Editors and publishers generally look at little that is not through an authorised channel. In this process the milk is well-skimmed.

This explains why even the best journals will

devote 4 column inches to a riot at Belfast and 14 inches to the description of dresses at Ascot. If the Prince George entertains the Maharaja of Patiala to tea, it may be an unimportant event; but if the Prince is seen talking to Lady G. Snipe at the New Market Paddock, there may be a headline. Scores of fifth-rate books thus become best-sellers; while works as good as the Bible languish on the bookstalls.

The English are said to be a strong quiet race, who guard their secrets, cover their deficiencies, and control their speech; who detest sensationalism and publicity; and who do their love-making in an orderly and business-like manner. But, as a result of a number of successful dictatorships in Fleet Street and Printing House Square, the English race appear to have been transformed from second-rate seekers of the commonplace to first-rate seekers after thrills. The nation that used to proudly read Shakespeare with gusto and Milton with reverence, now reserves its reverence for Bernard Shaw and its gusto for D. H. Lawrance.

And all thanks to the Press becoming big business from the discovery that newspapers may be profitable. Profits in the newspaper trade depend on advertisements, advertisements depend on circulation and circulations are measured in the figures of Eve. Thus there are thrills every morning, thrills every afternoon and the choicest blasphemy on Sundays.

In the race among Fleet Street rivals for cir-

culation, cross-words and football play a conspicuous part. A successful beauty competition is of course best for a push in circulation.

With the possible exception of the *Times*, Fleet Street seems comparatively uninterested in the Empire. Some journals, no doubt, have expensive correspondents abroad ; but very little real news filters through. Readers, accordingly, are told little of what has actually happened ; but more of what should happen,—if the editor had his way.

Accordingly, therefore, the Englishman—and also the Englishwoman—grows up with the mental background that everything is right with the Empire ; that the British Navy is the best in the world ; that Malta and Gibraltar are impregnable ; that Indian nationalism is a spent force ; that the Egyptians are a corrupt race ; that snakes abound in Ceylon ; and that Mr. Anthony Eden is infallible. In the forefront of his mind are placed such intelligent and important matters as "What is wrong with Cricket this year ?" "Substitutes for Religion No. 6 ;—Business. By the Very Rev. W. R. Inge," "The *Daily Mail* £1000 Milk Contest," "Cost of Launching a *Debutante*," "Can Women Form Friendships," "Why L Lost His Mile Championships Title to W." In the circumstances is it surprising that (with the possible exception of South Africa, which spends vast sums on advertisement), the British Empire gets precious little attention around Fleet Street !

CHAPTER X

A British Hollywood

Let us go to the pictures and see a British film. We take up the *Times* or the *Daily Express* and look down the amusement columns. There are picture-houses in almost every part of London, so a choice is not difficult.

It was an extraordinary idea for a visitor to London. Why surely, in London there should be at least half a dozen cinemas, where one could see a British film.

"*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.*"

"*Sixty Glorious Years.*"

"*Life of a Bengal Lancer.*"

"*Jungle Book.*"

"*Lady Hamilton.*"

All good sound British themes.

"But none of these are British pictures." Said Rahila, "Come, come, you should know that a British actor, a British actress and a British theme do not, however, make a British film."

"Well, what then is a British film?"

"Why, you silly, a British film is a film made in Britain!"

We again scan the columns of the *Times* and the *Daily Express.*

"Yes, this looks like being British '*Come on George*'.

"Where?"

The Odeon at Hammersmith.

Rahila and I decide to make for Hammersmith.

II

The Odeon is a comparatively small picture-house, as picture-houses go. But it is well attended. There is plenty of smoke that curls up to the ceiling. The crowd is in excellent humour. Lights go off. The audience is thrilled. Before the picture is actually started the crowd is murmuring, "Come on George."

The story is a fairly straightforward—incidents typifying life in the stables. A recalcitrant pony, a female owner, an impoverished trainer, confidential meetings and secret canters against the watch, a delayed entry, a late arrival in the paddock, a bad start but a glorious finish.

"Come on George" roars the crowd on the course.

"Come on George."

"Come on George."

"Come on, come on" roars the audince.

Of course George does come in.

He brings it off good and fine. He wins the race and the hand of the pretty owner in the bargain.

Presumably they get married, live happily

ever after.

George is the most popular man in Britain. Second only to Mr. Churchill.

III

Having seen George on screen, we must meet him in real life and so we must go to the studio where he works. He is not exactly a matinee idol in appearance but he has a devastating smile which reveals two monumental tombstones. His lyrics are infectious. He typifies the fighting spirit of Britain in the films and seems to have been recruited for the films from the ranks of the Army. Hence his very great popularity. George Formby has no difficulty in co-starring with the prettiest actresses, who kiss him with a gusto that Robert Taylor might envy.

IV

At the sets you will find British actors and British actresses with British directors. British operators, British photographers, British technicians working to put Britain on the celloloid map of the world—to compete with Hollywood and to produce really first class hundred per cent British pictures.

This happens not once but with every picture that comes from Elstree.

The result every time is a sound British picture.

Fit mainly, however, for British audiences.

V

If you want to see a real British film, go to one produced by Fox, Columbia or Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.

The best British actors prefer Hollywood contracts. Even Merle Oberon (Lady Alexandar Korda) is not above contractual relations with Hollywood. The time may come when British film producers will produce something to equal—

"*This Above All.*"

"*Mrs. Miniver.*"

"*How Green Was My Valley.*"

But that appears to be long way yet.

The English are a strong, proud race. They like to remember that they possess one-third of the world and they see no reason why they should not dominate the silver screen as they dominate the stage in the counsels of the world.

But the conquest is not likely to be an easy one.

London can produce films. But it has not yet got outside nations to like them.

PART TWO

CHAPTER XI

Civilization

The conception of creation, the universe and the individual is not common to all nations. It varies with climate, environments and history. In the East civilization had its birth in the primeval forests. Eastern character sprung from the womb of nature. From the dawn of history the East has attempted to be in the closest touch with nature. Eastern philosophers have sought intercourse with its varying phases and aspects. The West has moved on different lines. The aim of Western culture and Western civilization has been to conquer nature, to subdue it to the needs and the requirements of men. Man and nature have been irreconcilable elements, two forces each struggling for domination, each seeking the subjugation of the other. The conquest of nature is the conquest of evil. The triumph of man is the triumph of good.

Is nature above man or man above nature? Man and the world constitute one great truth. They are co-existent as that of the grain of pollen in the buttercup. There is unity in

creation. But between the ideals of the East and the ideals of the West there have been gathering clouds of war—a war not of armies nor of battlefronts, but a war not less great in magnitude and momentous in its consequences. A war of cultures, a war of civilizations.

European civilization before the recent war stood at the parting of the ways. History tells us there comes a time when a man, a culture or an empire has outlived itself with individuals; it is demoralization; with empires disintegration, with civilization disillusionment. True as are the repeated lessons of history, we are not here concerned with any particular nation. We are concerned with the conflict of civilization. From the valley of the Nile to the shores of the Pacific, the East is alight with new fires of national consciousness. In Egypt, in Arabia, in Persia and in India the arteries of the natural life throb with a quickening patriotism, heralds a new era in the history of mankind. Politically and socially these subject peoples are waking from the slumber, the lethargy and the apathy of centuries to throw off the yokes of tyranny, internal and external, to breathe the freer air of communism and democracy—more communism than democracy.

To the superficial observer this revolt seems little more than barking of agitators. It is something more fundamental. Forms not shadows flit across the stage of present-day Eastern problems. The East is moved by far greater and more potent

forces than anger or revenge. Ideals, cultures, civilizations are in the balance. The soul of the East is in arms. The conflict penetrates to unfathomed depths since the rise of the Japanese Empire, the incidents in Teinstein and Shanghai myth of the superiority of the European races has been exploded and the discontent which was at one time confined to the political sphere has spread in rising flood over the foundations of the social life.

Not as it were in a summer's night has all this occurred. For nearly one-half century, the sky has lowered with the storm and it is only by the arrogance and folly of her masters that the ships of civilization seem rudderless in the tempest. Probably a final break was some time or other inevitable. Recent events have perhaps done no more than accelerate the process. The British came to India torn by internal strife, they brought peace and with it a new civilization and a new culture. Into the merits of the new ideas, we need not for the momemt enter, but they were new. They were swallowed in large doses and small. That some benefit was derived thereby no one, not the most partisan of nationalists, will venture to deny. But there followed a period of almost complete demoralization, the drug turned from wholesome physic to a national poison. Nothing was considered good but that it came fresh and fair from Haymarket and Piccadilly. Customs and traditions which

have since history's dawn been the proud possession of India and her race were thrown to the winds and new manners and mannerisms took their place.

Into the numerous causes which are responsible for this awakening, which constitutes one of Britain's major Empire problems ? I need not here enter, but one fact stands out. The superiority and the capacity of Whitehall to govern and rule is challenged. The conflict has come to be a conflict of colour.

But who is to blame ? The Dark man ? who can say so ? The White man ? Not altogether.

Consistently more so abroad than in England have Indian Colonial problems been approached with the bias of colour.

If colour is to be criterion the East takes up the challenge seriously.

Recently one has heard a great deal about "To Quit or Not to Quit." It is often suggested that coloured races are impatient and that with patience one would reasonably expect in such circumstances that at least some signs would be manifest pointing to the order. But is there anything to show good intention or good faith ? To England, India is valuable as a training ground for her soldiers, as a market for her goods. To say that she is in India for the benefit of the people or because the people want her is hardly true.

But what is more important as a test of

sincerity is the position of Indians in the Colonies. From Canada, Australia and from Africa the Indian is excluded on the ground of his colour. He has only to reach Durban, Sydney or Vancouver and he realizes the doors of three continents are barred to him because his complexion does not conform to a certain orographical standard. It matters not if he is a prince, he belongs to a lower order of human beings than any of the street urchins of Limehouse and Stepney. From the highlands and valleys of Kenya he is to be excluded, they are to be reserved for civilized people.

A Colonial Secretary with a countess to his left and a whisky manufacturer's wife to his right perorated historically not long ago at a banquet where wine flowed freely in honour of an Empire proclaimed to other Nations as the one and only based upon justice and equality. Here amid such genial surroundings, to the enthusiastic plaudits of my lord, ladies and gentlemen, he pronounced the benediction to backward races on behalf of a self-appointed governess. "We have a right," he said in effect, "to reserve the highlands of Kenya for the white-man. The coloured races let them cultivate the lowlands, what right have they to look up to the peaks, they who are uncivilized? Only the civilized, we may."

Yes civilized—That is the test to the full enjoyment of the fruits of the so .in an Empire

where before civilization entered, nature asked of the native no more than that he should gather the fruits of the season and hymn the glory of all bountiful Providence I suppose many a well-meaning native of the Empire endeavours to reach a level of society distinguished by Western morals, ethics and philosophy.

* * *

But enough of generalisations. Let us mount the wings of imagination and hovering over London with note-book in hand draw pencil-sketches, in other words discover, if possible, the secrets of a civilised society. But my fair one, powder your nose and attend your lips lest among Duchesses you may be mistaken for a housemaid and among Dukes for a Duchess!

I wish I had written of Europe on the morrow of my arrival for then I should have drawn as glowing a picture and as appreciative an account as is possible for any young man newly fallen in love. The civilization of a civilized people is irresistibly seductive. The spell and charm are immediate. In th dazzling splendour of shop windows, of 'Chic fur coats in the whirl of new wonderment, in the giddy jazz tunes of 'nigger' bands, the new-comer forgets his perplexities and his perspective. In spite of many insights into what a civilized home (modelled as far as possible on the District Magistrate's bungalow) should be, our friend has no comprehensive

idea or knowledge until he wakes up in some great Western metropolis. Here you find a city humming with life, everybody on the *qui vive* a nation of shopkeepers keeping shop and coining fortunes. To every stone of the city, there is a page ascribed in the guide books, every corner can be reached by a multitude of ways. There are Rolls Royce cars whizzing past like meteors in a dream ; from one end to the other you are carried in the bowels of the earth by electric trains at 60 miles an hour , the other capitals of Europe are within hearing range and conversation in London with the dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix is as easy as pressing a button and commanding an army of waiters, page-boys and porters at any West End Hotel. In the morning the news of the world is on your breakfast table and, at a glance, you can see who has been divorced and what the Bolsheviks are up to in Nigeria. You have only to rurn over the pages and you are in the secrets of civilized world. Nothing is without comfort and the greater the comfort your finances permit you can enjoy the more civilized you are deemed to be. Hot water runs all day in the pipes of the West End, quilts and soft feather beds and silk pyjamas (men and women); reception rooms with polished floor ornate with treasures from the East. Buddhist figures on the walls, Persian carpets and Bukhara rugs, Dresden china silver boxes and photo frames, curtains hung in the blue and lace, dining

rooms with mirrors like tables and candlesticks of silver with rose pink shades like streaks of lightning in a sunset, goblets of red and golden wine, pretty faces and diamond studs—this is civilization —but one side of it.

"All that glitters is not gold" and to suppose that the magnificence, splendour and luxury which one is taught and learns to associate with Western civilization are the last words that can be said on the subject would in the least be premature. To every light there is a shadow and a darkness. Men see the light and rush like moths to a lamp on a summer night. You see the blazing chandelier shedding a halo of glory upon fair froms, all around you gleam the scintillation of sparkling gems, tall stately limbs, jewelled sabres, white bosoms and fairy feet, but you forget that outside there is the darkness, the pitch black shadows which are no less a part of the night which has fallen upon this corner of the world.

In no form of society was the superficiality of the glamour so patent as in the pre-war generation. The lavish extravagance of the aristocratic and moneyed classes of Europe was a contrast to the poverty and miseries of the teeming millions who had to struggle and labour for every penny that they earn. Contrasts of extreme opulence and extreme poverty were a feature of this civilization. For generations whole families were consigned to lives, little better

than torture, while worthless sons of worthless fathers could live and spend without a thought for the agonies and privation of others. So long as he was born with a traceable pedigree, so long as he was admitted to Eton or St. Cyr, so long as he had relations who were flunkeys and grooms in the town house of the Duke of Bedlan, he felt himself entitled to shut the doors in the face of those striving for a more tolerable and human existence. Every structure owes its existence to its foundation, and any building which has a foundation laid in contravention to natural laws cannot for long stand—the pillars crack and the structure falls. Caste was the cause of downfall of India and in Europe it is being proved too that unnatural divisions cannot long endure. France suffered a crisis a century and a half ago. Russia swept away Czardom political and social in torrents of blood in the countries of Central Europe, the whole social system has broken down.

Intensive industrialism which is a feature of the capitalistic societies of the West, besides creating divisions of class and caste, is the mother of numerous other evils—social and international—poverty, drink and prostitution, to say nothing of international ill-feeling and rivalry—war, aggression and the exploitation of weaker nations.

The last two great wars, what were they after all? The natural offspring of modern

civilization. If there is any branch of knowledge in which Europe has excelled over other continents it is in science—in natural philosophy. For these additions to the sum of human knowledge all homage is due. But unfortunately an immoral international code of aggrandisement and domination had led to the prostitution of science and learning. Instead of being dedicated to the service of mankind the chief energies of the scientific world have been, and are being, directed to the discovery of further and the perfection of known forces of destruction. Small nations on the banks of the Danube, powers on the banks of the Rhine, empires on the Pacific fronts have all been actuated with the same aims and the same aspirations—to dominate, to grow at the expense of the others. Everywhere it is distrust, envy, the eternal revenge—problem of European civilizatian.

To enter at all thoroughly into the subject of morality prevailing in countries blessed with the graces of civilization would entail a task far beyond the scope of this essay. Morality, moreover, is a question of relative values, no less than time and space in a more ethereal world and moral standards are different in different countries. In the West it is no fault of individuals, it is a curse of philosophy of materialism. Wherever you go it is of commerce. The West has abandoned the mountains and the streams and coal

mines and factories; running brooks and crystal cascades have given place to boiler houses and stock exchanges. Nature has been crushed. Man has triumphed. But at what a price?

CHAPTER XII

Tale of Two Cities

The dawn was just breaking in the east as we sailed into Kingston Harbour. The sky was lurid red and aflame with violet and gold, but the sea was as calm as a lake. The sun rose above the brink of the clouds and lit the spires of the distant churches. I stood upon the deck, the morning breeze flapping my coat like the sails of a ship, and gazed upon the scenes before me. Was this Ireland? The Ireland one had so often heard? Was this the land which was down-trodden? Surely no. Could the sun rise so gloriously on such a country.

First Impressions.—First moments are very deceptive and first impressions very misleading. During the month that I have stayed in this country, I have seen other sides of Ireland than that splendid first scene. If every cloud has a silver lining, so has every light a shadow. Look at any picture, it has its lights and its shadows. Shut your eyes, does not that picture come back to you? Do not those very lights and shadows loom again in your mind's vision? Could not you paint that picture afresh? I shut my eyes; my imagination brings

back the sands on which I walked. I see my footprints; I go over them again. I hear the same roars of the sea, I see the waves lapping on the rocks beneath my feet. I see the distant lightning and the rumble of thunder fill my ears. I am where I was if I shut my eyes. If I were a painter I would paint it, if I were a poet I would put it to verses, but I am prosaic, hence this prose—*Dublin.*

Dublin. A city. A city for the dead, a tomb for the living. Well, we must see it, so let us. How shall we? Where can we have sights, a true and correct estimate? Is there a better place in all Dublin than Nelson's Pillar? Climb it, look north, look south, look east and look west, look down and look up. Look and tell us at your leisure. For the moment I will tell you what I saw.

Nelson's Pillar stood in the middle of O'Connel Street and was the symbol of England's dominion. O'Connel's statue at the end symbolised the Irish people. A story is told of how a coal porter exclaimed at the unveiling of O'Connel's statue: "Now, Nelson, you have got your match," a perfect expression of the popular estimate of the two monuments. Nelson of the Trafalgar Square looks down upon the Admiralty, Nelson of O'Connel Street looked down upon Dublin. If Whitehall represents the greatest traditions of the British nation, Dublin and what Dublin stands for, certainly the worst.

If Beverley Nichols reads this he will scowl

and frown. But has he a right to? Has he seen Dublin? Nine out of ten Englishmen will swear they have, but eight out of the nine have not. Not Dublin—anything else.

A visitor arriving from England at Dublin usually asks a porter the name of the best hotel. "Shelbourne, sir," he replies. A cab is hired and Mr. Visitor in a few minutes finds himself in the lounge of a luxurious hotel.

Impressions No. 1.—Whenever he goes forth on business, he patronises one of the numerous cabs awaiting his commands at the door of the Shelbourne. So whatever impression he receives is through the windows of the cab! The few sights in and around Dublin are the Phœnix Park, Pembroke, the Museum and the Portrait Galleries.

Impressions No. 2.—Of real Dublin, what does he see? Wherever he does his shopping and business. Again, in nine cases out of ten it is Sackville Street.

Impressions No. 3.—The point that I wish to drive home is that nearly every English visitor and most foreigners, too, base their judgments on Dublin on the Shelbourne Hotel, Pembroke and Sackville Street. Nothing more. The first is as it were an English island in an Irish sea; it is not Ireland, it is England. The second is a suburb of splendid private parks and houses, owned mainly by English peers, and the third Sackville Street is as representative of Dublin as say Cromwell Mews is representative of the West End.

Let him start, if he wants, to see Dublin, from that splendid landmark, Nelson's column and walk. It does not matter in which direction he walks but he must walk. A couple of hours' stroll will do him no harm; it will not only give him an appetite for the palatable dinner awaiting him but it will open his eyes to the real condition of the people of Dublin.

What does he see? His clothes will bear witness to what he sees. He wlll walk through streets which are a disgrace to any civilised town. Even wigwams are cleaner, healthier, more habitable than the miserable dungeons in which the people of the capital of Ireland eke out their existence, The streets are littered with paper, the mud and slush is in places ankle-deep and the smell is revolting Of the people. Their condition is as pitiable as of those in London's East End. The children are practically naked, hardly one has stockings, to say nothing of shoes. Their clothes are in tatters and Nature only knows how they bear the cold. The faces of the babies are not washed, the dirt of months clings to their cheeks and they shiver in the arms of their ill-clad mothers. A well-dressed stranger passing among them at once attracts notice and the neighbourhood is soon around him crying for pennies. What will a few pennies do? How many babies will they feed? How many children will they clothe? What will a few pennies do? You want thousands of them, hundreds of thousands and that would not be enough.

We have already said, let the visitor walk in any direction, he will find the same story written in letters of human misery and in words a living tragedy.

Who is to blame?

Who then is to blame for this inhuman condition in which the vast majority of the people of Dublin live? I will not answer this question.

To the north, the distant north, stands the rival city—Belfast.

A world of difference between Dublin and Belfast—to use much hackneyed metaphor, a difference of chalk and cheese. Black and white. In fact, any two opposites will suit and suit well. It is veritably a "Tale of two cities," the one rich, the other poor, the one in darkness, the other in light, the one in plenty, the other in want.

I have spent many an interesting hour in these two cities comparing the one with the other.

In Belfast you can walk about anywhere in your Sunday boots in confidence that you will not spoil them. The streets are clean and the mud and slush is carefully removed. The roads all well-paved, the houses even in the poorer quarters are tolerable human habitations. They are nearly all in red brick as compared to the mud huts in the sister city As for the better houses, they are palaces in comparison to those in Dublin. While

there is hardly a house in Dublin with a garden, nearly every house in Belfast has a fair-sized *jardin*. Royal Avenue is Belfast's Sackville Street. It compares very favourably with some of the well-known shopping centres of the West End. To me it had a keen resemblance to Knightsbridge! Those, however, who are accustomed to do their shopping in Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix did, no doubt, find it somewhat different.

In Belfast none of the poverty of Dublin is apparent. The people in general appear at least a stage or two stages higher in the social ladder. They are well-clothed.

Just as in Dublin it is hardly possible to find a well-clothed child, so in Belfast it is almost impossible to find an ill-clothed child. All the street urchins have stockings and boots. The women have cleaner clothes and the babies are washed. The men appear to have "something to do". A visit to Glengormley on a Sunday afternoon will soon reveal the difference. A long procession of well-dressed people several miles long treks its way to the beautiful valley. Such a sight would be impossible in Dublin.

The harbours of Belfast and Dublin are both magnificent, but the trade of the country all passes through the northern port. The southern is neglected. According to the nationalist view the trade of the country has been given as a

monopoly to the northern port to the detriment of the southern, by England. Some, however, hold that it is the difference between the Northerners and Southerners which makes the real difference. The Northerners being (according to them) active, and the Southerners lazy. I will deal with the pros and cons of this argument in my next chapter; sufficient is here to say that I am far from convinced that this is the fact.

We know there is one class of politicians who, on obtaining Independence for Ireland, would immediately seek to wreak their vengeance on Ulster. This is what Ulster and Belfast in particular fear. If South Ireland is to be vindictive, if Dublin is to be uplifted from the mire only to lower Belfast into it, then better there be no Home Rule at all! A penurious city is not to be made wealthy by making another penurious, but both should be wealthy and neither penurious. The Ireland of the future is not to be a country where Dublin is poor and Belfast is rich, nor a country in which Belfast is poor and Dublin is rich, but where both Belfast and Dublin are rich and neither poor.

But that will be when stepmother England puts aside favouritism.

CHAPTER XIII

Irish Neighbours

Sinn Fein! For ourselves alone! This sums up the Irish people. The whole quarrel, the whole trouble, the whole fuss with England has been about these two words, "Ourselves alone!" It is the alpha and omega of Irish political life today. Sinn Fein is one of those indefinable yet definite expressions of human thought, which in itself conveys nothing but the mere egoism of self, but when applied to the life of a nation means a host of political dogmas and the very flame of national subsistence itself.

Wandering through Ireland, be it north, south, east or be it west, one cannot but be impressed by the feeling of the people towards those they consider to be national oppressors. One cannot hide this under a cloak and say it does not exist. It does exist. Sinn Fein holds the hearts of the masses; it sways their emotions and moulds their character. In spite of a very liberal measure of constitutional reform it is a sentiment ingrained in the hearts of the people, and the future of Ireland is the future of Sinn Fein. Today Sinn Fein is the greatest menace to an imperialist solution of the Irish problem and

the most powerful enemy of those who can only visualise Ireland in terms of a vassal of England.

The signs of Sinn Fein were broadcast in the country. You saw them wherever you chanced to go. East, west, or north or south, it was all the same. Everywhere notices such as the following meet your eyes: "Release the prisoners!" "Down with the castle." "Vote for . . . the man who is in jail for fighting Erin's cause." "Let Ireland take her place among the nations of the world." "Up Sinn Fein" and so on. They were placarded in every conceivable place from public buildings in large and populous cities to the humblest styes in the most remote of Irish wilds.

The common people in general know little and understand less of politics, but there are one people who are an exception. They are the Irish people and all they know in "Sinn Fein". Still how wonderful is a race where men are patriots, where women are patriots, where even the children are patriots, where everyone is a patriot. The love of one's country has soaked into the Irish mind and it is saturated with it. It is the direct effect of centuries of misrule, political coercion and religious oppression.

Sinn Fein after all is a phase. It has its strong points and its weak points, its strongholds and its vulnerable quarters. I talked to many Sinn Feiners and many anti-Sinn Feiners and their almost unanimous opinion is that however

stable or unstable the present attitude of the Irish may be, there can be no doubt that in the women of Ireland, Sinn Fein has found its strongest bulwark. Woman is always difficult to convince, but when convinced it is hard to undo her convictions. The women of Ireland are renowned the world over for their beauty and their patriotism. The one is as dazzling as the other is striking.

There is a distinct parallel between the Irish and Indian people. They are both people in whom superstition plays a great part in their daily life. Superstition is often misguided religious fervour—the will is subject to the dictates of an over-burdened conscience. Ignorance and religious subjugation are directly responsible for superstition. With the spread and growth of knowledge and consequent growth of the freedom of thought and will, superstition must loose its grip on the minds of both countries. The Irish people are deeply religious, and religion assumes such magnitudes that it is the crux of the whole political problem of the country. It is impossible to dispose of it in the compass of a few lines. It will be discused a little later; sufficient is it here to say that the clergymen of both denominations—Catholics and Protestants—play the *roles premiers* in the present political struggle.

The difference between the people of the North and South is a frequent theme of discussion. The Northerners are undoubtedly Scotch and

the Southerners are of course the direct lineal descendants of the ancient Celts. The difference between them is not difficult to see. The Northerner is the solid, fair-haired; the Southerner has dark hair and is not such a prominent fellow. But this in no way implies that he is less keen ; he is, undoubtedly, the brainier of the two. Politeness and refinement belong more to him than to his brother in the North. If a Northerner does not like you, he will show his contempt for you without any attempt to conceal it, while the man from the South will merely say he has an engagement and regrets he is unable for the moment to enjoy your company ! It is a matter of temperament.

Regarding the specific charge against the people of the South as being indolent, we must confess our intercourse with them failed to supply us with any evidence which might justify our expressing an opinion in the affirmative. Certainly, the North is industrial while the South is rural, but we are not sure which requires the greater energy, handling a machine in a large factory or following a plough through the fields. If the North has more factories and more industries, it is because it has been allowed to set them up; if the South is all agriculture, it is because its development in other directions has been retarded and in general prevented. But neither of these facts justify our declaring an opinion in the favour of the one and to the detriment of the other. It would not only

be unfair but it would probably be an untruth. Unless and until Ireland has had an opportunity of proving herself, we have no right to condemn her.

Before I close the present survey of the Irish people, I must mention the wonderful progress co-operation has made and is making. The principles of co-operation are working out very satisfactorily and the effects of the system have been beneficial not only to the people but will eventually mean the economic regeneration of their country as well.

Co-operation in the wider sense of the word is common among the people of Ireland. On the land, in the factories, in the docks, in trade and commerce, a perfect *camaraderie* prevails. It is only in politics and politics alone that any bitterness and unpleasantness are evident or even occur. In the usual game of daily routine politics play no part. They slink away out of sight and emerge on Sunday mornings from the lips of foolish clergymen and ignorant priests. But I believe even this inharmony will pass away. We should not be surprised, if we one day awake to find the mist which divides the "two Irelands" has lifted. To say that the Irish people are two distinct elements, irreconcilable and infusable, to say that they will remain two elements for eternity and never unite, is a gross exaggeration. I cannot believe it.

The Irish problem is not a problem of

political expediency or inexpediency. it is not a problem of one party against another, it is not a question of one nation in antagonism to a second, it is not a struggle between the two classes, it is problem of two religions, or, more correctly of two denominations of the same religion. Christianity split itself on the rocks of dissension four or five centuries ago. The Vatican stood assailed and surrounded by a host of rebels, for rebels they were. Country after country raised its banner against her and proclaimed its independence. For four centuries the protagonists of the Vatican have been driven from outpost to outpost. Catholicism has been expelled from every important European country. Ireland is her last and main remaining stronghold. She has held this citadel for five centuries in spite of all the vicissitudes of time, and today her power in Ireland is as great as ever, perhaps greater.

Many are the critics of Vatican diplomacy, but who is to blame? And who is responsible? Not any one in particular, not any one generation in particular, every party which has been in office from the time of the amorous King Henry VIII to the year of grace 1930. The whole history of the Catholics in Ireland since then to the time of their so-called emancipation, even to the present day, can be summoned up in the famous words of Lord Chancellor Bowes: "The Catholics are only known to the laws for the purposes of punishment."

What attitude other than restive can be

expected from a people who have for centuries been the victims of religious intoleration and oppression? Even up to the modern times the rulers have been out of sympathy with the ruled. For instance of 60 chief secretaries since Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Wyandham none was a Catholic and only five in sympathy. During the same period there were 32 or 33 Lord Chancellors of Ireland, none of whom were Catholics and only six in sympathy. Of the 36 Lord Lieutenants from Earl Hardwieke to the Earl of Dudley all have been Protestants (by law) and 32 out of sympathy (also by law?). In short, every important office was monopolised by Protestants. The population of Ireland is about 7 millions, of whom no less than 6 millions are Catholics. Protestant Episcopalians number about 600,000 and others 400,000, but the Government is practically confined to the 600,000 Episcopalians. The greatest of the practical evils was the exclusion of Catholics from the offices of Sheriff and Deputy Sheriff. The appointment of juries and the administration of justice in general was thus exclusively in the hands of Protestants. This reminds us of yet another disadvantage under which the Catholics of Ireland laboured. Deplorable as it was that the appointment of juries should be left solely to the discretion of Protestant Sheriffs, it in no way compared to the monstrous custom of jury packing. In districts where the population was nine to one of Catholics and Protestants, the juries constituted were not

unusually in the ratio of five Protestants to one Catholic. This was an example of English cricket on Irish soil. The reason was put in a nutshell by Peel, when he said, "I can't consent to widen the doors to the Roman Catholics. I cannot consent to give them civil rights and privileges equal to those possessed by their Protestant fellow-countrymen." We all remember what was written on the gates of London:

> "*Turk, Jew and Atheist may enter here, but not a Papist.*"

and what Swift wrote underneath:

> "*Whoever wrote this, wrote it well*
> *For the same is written on the Gates of Hell.*"

We pass on. Let us picture to ourselves an Ireland solved: I mean over and above the Free State. Let us picture an Ireland free to work out her own international problems. If we can picture to ourselves such an Ireland, let us add to the picture the two (now) warring religions. Where do they come in?

This, as I have often pointed out, is the eventual crux of the problem. Where do these religious denominations come in?

There is a strong feeling—I should properly define it as alarm and terror—in the North, of Catholic domination. As long as Sinn Fein is supreme, the fear will remain that the Protestants of the North will be oppressed by the Catholics of the South. This is the view taken by the Ulster Covenanters. Is there any truth in this?

It is true that Jesuitic influence is rife among the people of Ireland, and one must admit that Feinian politics have a strong hold on the Monasteries and Nunneries of Ireland, but one cannot believe that Irish self-determination means Catholic ascendancy and Protestant oppression.

The fear in the North around Belfast is a little natural but greatly over-estimated. It is natural in the sense that a minority which has for centuries oppressed a majority six or seven times its size, now fears not only to lose its power of oppression but to suffer oppression The fear is unnatural in the sense that it is to a great extent engineered by Scotch and English clerics. We have often heard of the violent language of the Catholic fathers but if the language used by the Protestant clergy of the North on Ulster day is a model of temperate speech, then certainly the fathers of the South are equally temperate. Get rid of the clergy; banish them, and you solve the Irish problem.

If there was any truth in the suggestion that Ireland left to her own destiny would become a tool and a dominion of the Vatican, I would be the last to suggest any sympathy with Sinn Fein. If there is to be domination let there be a hundred times a political domination than once a religious domination. There is nothing so monstrous, so unreal, so cruel, so inhuman, as the bondage of the soul. So long as a man's spirit is not crushed that man is not crushed, and so long as a nation's spirit lives, that nation lives. But a

nation whose soul has been bartered has no spirit; it is better that the sea roll over it than it live in the thraldom of a bartered soul. Better, a thousand times better.

But once more I declare my optimism of Ireland's future. If Ireland today looks to the Vatican for support it is because of centuries of oppression. Give Ireland half a century to mould her own destiny and religion will fade from politics. These warring creeds would settle down amicably, they would Christianize their Christianity, they would work in harmony in politics as they work now in other spheres of national activity. In other words, they would leave politics to politicians and devote themselves to purely spiritual activity. Remove the British bayonets in vesture and within a decade you banish clerical violence, influence and power—in short, you solve the Irish problem.

Before I move on to a description of the working of the constitution of the Free State and its relations with Downing Street, it is necessary to recall shortly the events which preceded the pact signed between Lloyd George's Government on the one hand and Michael Collins and Griffiths on the other.

Some years ago a little girl in a London school was asked the date of the conquest of Ireland. She replied:

"The conquest of Ireland began in 116, and it is still going on." In 1930 it was still

going on.

From 1st May, 1916 to 30th September, 1919, the total number of murders "attributed to the Sinn Fein movement" was 16 of which 14 were committed on armed forces. In the same period 66 persons were fired on and 478 raids for arms were carried out. These together with other miscellaneous offences bring the total number of outrages to 1,293. Of these the largest number were committed in Munster and amounted to 624. Three hundred and seventy seven are attributed to Leinster, 182 to Connaught and 110 to Ulster. In three years and a half a total of 1,293 crimes means 370 crimes a year, or just about one outrage per day. Let us remember that Ireland was practically free from kind of crime except political crime. Thus the inference is that there existed a state of war between Sinn Fein and Dublin Castle. If there was war, the conquest was not yet complete, and as the little girl put it, "it was still going on."

I have no desire to give an account of Irish political repression, for both are history now. I will confine myself here to crime and repression which occurred shortly before the Collins pact.

The first sensational outrage was committed at Fermoy in the beginning of September. A party of soldiers were entering a church on a Sunday morning when suddenly they were attacked by masked men and their arms seized. One of the soldiers was shot dead and two or

three wounded, while their assailants escaped and have not been traced. The jury of the coroner, as usual, brought a verdict of "not guilty." The matter, however, did not end here, for next evening members of the Shropshire regiment looted the shops of Fermoy, much to the disgust and annoyance of the inhabitants. The Commanding Officer, however, thought the men under him had behaved not unvirtuously and he forgave them, much to the disgust and annoyance of the inhabitants of Fermoy.

After this there followed an orgy of crime and seizing of arms, every time the perpetrators escaping and never being traced. These incidents put Dublin Castle's wind up as the vulgar would say. The Castle mistakenly attacked the press which had nothing to do with the crimes that had been perpetrated.

A raid (official) was made on the offices of the *Cork Examiner*—the most influential of the Sinn Fein papers—and the vital parts of the machinery removed. A few days later several dailies were suppressed, and a few days after that six of the Dublin weeklies had their offices searched and as usual machinery removed. And all for what? For publishing a prospectus of the Sinn Fein "Loan"!

The Loan was a test, a feeler of Irish patriotism. People are usually patriots either by necessity or in disgust, rarely by inclination. So long as there is nothing to pay for being a patriot,

patriots are abundant, but a patriot by subscription is another matter. The Irish Loan was a test. It was a grave test and may perhaps have failed. But Dublin Castle in the prime of its sanity (and vanity) declared it illegal. Then the money poured in and Loan was a thumping success.

Reverting to the suppression of the Sinn Fein organs, I may mention the hue and cry created in the North cliff press—this time for a righteous cause. The stand made by his press against this travesty of liberty—the liberty of the press—alarmed Ian Macpherson and in brilliant articles in the *Times* lashed them into fear. Hastily the machinery of the *Cork Examiner* was replaced. Hastily again the vital parts of other printing presses were returned, some accepted them and some did not, and then chaos reigned in the Irish press.

Before I pass on, we must note the suppression of the Dail Eireann or the Irish Parliament. It will be remembered that the pledge candidates had to take elections before they could stand for the Sinn Fein cause. The pledge was not to attend at Westminster and to work for a Republic Seventy-three out of a total of one hundred and five returned were Sinn Feiners. The Republican cause swept most of the booths, including five out of nine counties of Ulster. This was a significant fact. It amounted to almost the whole of Ireland voting itself a Republic. Of

course Ireland was not a Republic, but the 73 men among themselves constituted practically an Irish Parliament. In suppressing Dail Eireann, England suppressed a democratically elected Parliament at the point of the bayonet. Whatever we may think of the Dail Eireann there can be no shadow of doubt that it was to the Irish people exactly what the House of Commons was to the people of England. The crushing of the Dail was the greatest blunder that Whitehall could have committed. They committed it and the responsibility was theirs. Many loyal nationalists went over from the loyal fold to the ranks of Sinn Fein and Republicanism. But what was far more serious than this was the impression that this act created in countries like America.

This sketch would be incomplete without mention of that wonderful body known as the Royal Irish Constabulary. The Royal Irish Constabulary had to its credit some of the handsomest of Irishmen. They were perhaps specially selected. They all had aquiline noses and dimpled chins, to say nothing of poetic eyebrows and shapely lips. Besides this they had virtues in plenty. Their prowess and agility were far-famed. But it is in no disparaging sense that I mention that the Royal Irish Constabulary had not a single Sinn Fein criminal to its credit. The force had been described as "an almost perfect machine—a delicate instrument", responding at once from the "remotest part of Ireland" to a

"touch in Dublin Castle."

For this wonderful machine Ireland paid 6·7*d* per head, while England maintained her police force at a cost of 3·6*d* per head, and Scotland 2·6*d*. And in Ireland there was very little crime—except political crime in which the Royal Irish Constabulary unfortunately got the worst of it. Nevertheless the force was always trim and ready for action. As the little girl in the London school said: "The conquest, etc."

Although Ireland was no longer subjected to pernicious exactions as the collection of tithes (who does not remember the Tithe War?), it was nevertheless subject to a hundred different injustices and a hundred different forms of oppression that made the Castle Government oppressive.

The most recent news is that Ireland is a Republic. As to what this means to Ireland, England and the Empire remains to be seen. Whether England will ever quit India is very doubtful. Ireland has quit the Empire.

CHAPTER XIV

Outstanding Qualities

One of the outstanding qualities of the English to which they are internationally famous is their aptitude for suicide. Hardly a single day goes when the press has not a suicide to feature.

The French as neighbours have long been fond of dwelling on the proneness of Englishmen to commit suicide. A French writer, Pierre Jean Grosley (about 1770), informed his countrymen that great precautions are taken to block up the approaches to the Thames, lest the sight of water should tempt passers-by to drown themselves.

> "Yet what precautions can prevent those who are resolved to die from carrying their resolve into effect? That it is impossible to prevent this mischief I am convinced by the shocking sight of twenty skulls found in the bed of the Thames, where the foundations of a new bridge were being dug."

But this view of the English is not confined to the French. Even English writers admit that this is no idle gossip. Young, in his famous

Night Thoughts, wrote:

> "O Britain, infamous for suicide!
> In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
> Wash the dire stain, nor shock the Continent!"

Vital statistics establish that it is no legend. Barbarous peoples seldom commit suicide; it is a habit of civilized races and classes. The very Reverend Dr. Ralph Inge, generally known as the "Gloomy Dean," has however taken quite an optimistic view of the suicide problem. Says Dean Inge:

> "But our country has no bad pre-eminence in this dubious result of culture. Our suicide rate, while higher than that of Ireland, is much lower than that of the militarized nations of the Continent. The number of suicides culminates, I believe, in Saxony. The practice of carrying arms increases the number of suicides, as well as the number of homicides."

While the average Englishman is generally straightforward and likes to play the game, the national reputation abroad has not been the same. "Perfidious Albion" has for centuries been a well-known figure in the Chancelleries of Europe.

Critics of British foreign and colonial policy find much to accuse the British of "perfidy" and "hypocrisy" But then diplomacy has rarely been straightforward, even if judged by the low standards, which prevails in international

relations. Indeed frequent changes of government would make little difference to Britain's foreign or colonial policy, which is at all times in the hands of secret and crafty diplomats who are specially trained for their jobs. The English have been fortunate, that their apparent seeming and simple methods have often succeeded in thwarting the much more subtle calculations of their rivals. Other nations have ascribed this success to superior cunning, disguised under a cloak of innocence.

The expressionless face of the Englishman, and his apparent want of interest in serious subjects, has undoubtedly encouraged his competitors and critics to underrate his intellect and energy. Some of them complain that the English deceive themselves about themselves, to the undoing of everybody else. Mr. Wickham Steed, who has great knowledge of peoples and affairs claims that:

> "There are few people in the world whose acts are more constantly sincere than those of Englishmen."

He proceeds to say, that Englishmen act from instinct and not from logic; and in this way they often appear inconsistent. The English have, he says, an understanding heart, rather than an understanding head. Perhaps, however, the distinction is not so much between instinct and intellect, or between heart and head, as between logical and practical reason. A nation

which has been "in business" for centuries believes in a "deal" with as little concession as possible. The British thank that the only irreparable mistakes are those which are made by consistent intellectualists or strict logicians. All Englishmen are convinced of that. "The problems of life are too fluid for a rigid politic, as the problems of religion are too fluid for the scholastic philosophy."

This may serve as an answer to the charges of perfidy and hypocrisy. But the English distrust of logic is a deep-seated characteristic of the national character, and a little more must be said about it. The Englishman is constitutionally averse to general ideas and abstract questions. Bishop Creighton was so much irritated by this state of affairs that he said:

> "An Englishman not only has no ideas; he hates an idea when he meets one."

This distrust of general ideas has been often shown in British history.

The English were not seriously stirred by the Crusades; they watched the French Revolution with mingled contempt and horror. Marxian Socialism although based largely on English facts and figures made little headway in England. Bolshevism until the most recent years was only in vogue with cranks. In England the theory of the divine right of kings was raised, but later dropped when it paid better to claim the divine right of democracy. English pulses do not beat

quicker than the French when they hear of Liberty, Equality, or Fraternity. Of the three, the British are said to care most about Liberty, but recent legislation shows that if they cared about it some time back they don't care much about it now. The legal system is built up out of precedents, not on any general principles, and Judges make law according to the political atmosphere at the time.

There are some good qualities which I think the English may justly claim. In spite of the severity of British law of crimes until a hundred years ago, no nation is now less cruel. The sight, or even the report, of physical cruelty arouses a quite peculiar degree of moral indignation in an Englishman. It may be said that this is a recent development, and that in the eighteenth century, gentlemen still made parties to see women whipped at Newgate or Bridewell, while the lower classes enjoyed such brutal sports as bear-baiting and cock-fighting.

The humanitarian movement no doubt belongs chiefly to the nineteenth century, and it may be that before this England was not much more humane than some continental countries; but it can hardly be disputed that at present England leads the world in campaigns against cruelty for example the use of barbarous implements of war the atom bomb excepted!

This humane feeling is also especially manifest in societies and the prevention of cruelty to ani-

mals. The State makes quite a lot out of fines levied for overworked horses and overloaded donkies and out of monkies danced on the pavements. But fox-hunting is a national sport and the most gallant gentlemen and the most ladylike of ladies revel in the chase of hapless foxes or poor jackals. England led the way in legislation against ill-treatment of domestic animals, and the agitation against vivisection is characteristically English. Like every other movement in England, it falls into excess and absurdity, as when sentimentalists grow indignant at corporal punishment in schools, or condemn the slaughter of animals for food. The faddist is an Anglo-Saxon product. Humanity is shown on a wider scale in the large sums of money which are raised to relieve any special distress in every part of the world. The Americans have now passed the British in pecuniary generosity, being a much richer people; but "the instinct to run and help," which a foreigner has noted as an English trait, is far less developed in any other European nation. An American, who is very critical of the British in some ways, has said that he would rather have an Englishman at hand in an emergency than a native of any other country.

Akin to humanity is the esteemable trait of an absence of vindictiveness. The English have short memories when wronged, and never make long plans for revenge.

"The English," said Mr. Bonar Law,

" are a generous race. I can say that, for I am not an Englishman. They have a magnanimity which goes always with consciousness of strength."

An Englishman is simply unable to comprehend the brooding hatred of the Irishman, which has no better ground than that Cromwell exercised the laws of war somewhat severely against the Irish rebels, and that William III won the battle of the Boyne. The detestable crime of political assassination has been conspicuously rare in England.

> " Thanks to centuries of physical culture. the British organism has developed into a world of its own so much that external circumstances affect it slowly, if at all. For this reason, the Englishman can live in the tropics like an Englishman ; that is to say, in the most unhealthy manner that can be imagined.
>
> " One is often surprised at the many-sidedness of English aristocrats, who today are journalists, tomorrow Viceroys, the day after Ministers of the Board of Trade, and, if they have time, write good books on history or philology."

The Englishman has himself more in hand than any other European. In spite of the average level of his culture, he has a thoroughly integral unity, firmly anchored. He owes this to Puritanism, a *yoga* or culture of concentration no less intensive than that of India.

These are obviously criticisms of a single class, which, according to the writer, has achieved something like perfection in realizing a very limited ideal. That Englishmen are all alike is a superficial judgment; they are so individualistic that a Frenchman has said that the best handbook and guide to the English character is Robinson Crusoe. Sir Walter Raleigh (in his *England and the War*) adds Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Wordsworth's *Prelude*.

"In England every man claims the right to go to heaven his own way."

Raleigh notes that the English in the Great War fought gaily, like cavaliers, not dourly, like Puritans. The Americans still fight like Puritans; their glorious *Battle Hymn of the Republic* would have delighted the heart of Oliver Cromwell. This difference may be important. So much of the strength of the Puritan nation has been inspired by Puritanism, and bound up with it, that this disappearance of this virile and stern element in the national character would be a disquieting symptom. But probably there is a periodical ebb and flow in these matters, licence follows restraint and restraint licence.

CHAPTER XV

A League of Youth

Mr. Churchill has often on the war-path revealed his daggers and shown his teeth. Beneath a soft collar and a lounge suit there is always the diehard militarist armour-clad galloper of Ulster notoriety. No other interpretation could be put upon two of his most notorious filibusterings: the sword dispensation of British Rule in India and his attacks upon Chinese students. With the first I will not concern myself—no statesman with a tithe of his sense about him could publicly ventilate such unmitigated nonsense and historical ignorance as the British having come to India to compose differences by the sword and to remain in India to prevent by the authority of the sword a recurrence of sectarian strife. I will neither touch specifically on the attack on Chinese students. I do not presume to speak on the Chinese situation or to take sides in the drama that has been enacted on China the last ten years. Mr. Churchill's attack on the Chinese students, however, due appear to be premature and ill-considered. But it saw nothing new. It is but a flea-bite in the eternal campaign of established authority

against the intrusions of youth in the realms of politics.

Lord Birkenhead's diatribe against the students of China raised the important question: Should youth interest itself in the political domain? The question was not only important to China, to India, or to Egypt where one repeatedly hears complaints regarding the activities of students in political campaigns but to every country of the world where there is a conflict between reformation and conservatism. All over the continent of Europe and more markedly to England since the end of the last war the activities of youth were being developed and encouraged. A League of Youth started by the young men of England who were disgusted with the carnage and hatefulness of war, the intrigue and existing diplomacy attracted immense numbers to its folds and was copied in other countries of Europe. Students Committees in the great universities of Europe were keenly organised bodies to promote international good feeling and to check by publicity and expression of opinion the recurrence of war and the exploitation of weaker nations. They extended the hand of friendship to certain nations and encouraged the growth of liberty and the rights of self-determination. The League of Youth and the Students Committees had one demand and that is that youth should have its share in the political world.

Youth in politics? A strange proposition no doubt. What was the necessity? Was not the Government of England efficiently run by Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet, or Germany by President Hindenburg, or Italy by Mussolini? Was not the affairs of the bureaucracy safe in Lord Irwin's despatch box? Could not Mian Sir Fazl-i-Husain be trusted to look after the Muslim interests or the Hindu Mahasabha the problem of *sangathan*? Why, when the world is governed by wise, sane, experienced men, should we dare to suggest that power ought to be transferred to the young, the inexperienced and immature? For centuries ever since creation's dawn, Age, as represented by those who have grown hoary and hairy with the efflux of time, have guided the destinies of mankind in time of war and in time of peace. What therefore is the necessity of a change?

The charge of youth was simple. In the administration of the world what particular efficiency had grey hairs shown? What special merit? Was the world any happier today than twenty centuries ago? The so-called sages and priests guided the counsels of kings and nations then. Similar individuals exercise similar power today. The poor are down-trodden, the weak go to the wall, the nations exploit one another, rivalry, hatred, intrigue, dissension between communities, races, countries are openly rife and when the world plunges into war youth pays the

dearest toll. If this is the best out of human nature, youth could do as well. Not a few believe it could do much better.

There were many men even among young men who were indifferent or averse to politics. To them politics appears a dirty game from which they should keep aloof. Suppose even for a moment that this hypothesis is accurate—that politics is played as a dirty game—then was it not their duty to cleanse it?

Politics as such is not a dirty game, but the politics of *our* country, *your* race or *your* community may undoubtedly be dirty. All games can be played fairly and unfairly; if in the game of politics there is considerable side-play it is not the fault of the game. It was for young men, when they have the opportunity to prove that they played cricket not only at fenners and Lords but in the Council Chambers, in the press and wherever they had an opportunity of taking part in the most absorbing and fascinating of games.

It is very generally held that not only should men not be discouraged from taking interest in political questions but they should be incited to acts of violence, such as the rowdyism at meetings, promotion of riot and the abuse of private and public rights and responsibilities. At the student stage his interest should in the main be confined to the study of political questions, and a healthy enthusiasm for civic culture. He

should not be barred from attending political meetings and gatherings, he ought to be permitted to study the problems of the day, to hear the leaders of his country of whatever party, and his politics should not be served up by the people who know nothing about themselves *ejus generis* lecturers in Mathematics and readers in English literature. It is a more prudent course to permit the average student to freely form his own judgments than to dictate them, as the latter course almost invariably has an opposite effect and promotes one-sidedness and desperation. It is impossible to shut out the whispers of the outside world and the spirit of the age must blossom from the heart of youth.

As to active politics—the more young men the better. In every sphere of life the young man brings to bear a newer outlook, a wider understanding and a more comprehensive sympathy. In the realism of politics to these are added enthusiasm, idealism and generosity. Mr. Das's influence in Bengal was largely due to his support to the claims of young men who in turn gave him allegiance and their loyalty. He had no doubts nor misgivings in entrusting the positions of the greatest responsibility to his young followers and it is not known that he was disappointed in the trusts that he committed to their charge, and as to the efficient working of his party machine—we all know that. Instances could be multiplied. As I said at the outset of these notes, the movement

to suit all youth in the Councils of the world is widespread and is a force of increasing momentum in every country today. This is understandable as the world wants a change of rulers. For centuries we have had the government of senility and insanity. Government based upon old prejudices, distrusts and conservatism, principles of injustice, exploitation of the weak, principles of might and principles of inequality. It is time to give youth a trial.

In England, youth was never given a trial. Under Hitler and Mussolini the capacity of youth to handle great problems was established to the world.

The war would have ended five years earlier if British politicians had organized youth in the same way.

CHAPTER XVI

A Test of Sincerity

England claims to be a country free of colour prejudice. In the position of the Indian student this claim is put to the test.

There was a time when the Indian student left home for an educational adventure across the seas, and he was no more thought about until his return was announced. The conditions in which he lived while abroad, with whom he associated and who associated with him, how he was receive-ed and in what manner he passed days was no concern to his friends and relations at home.

So long as he returned to India with a B.A. (Cantab) or a Bar-at-Law after his name every-thing was regarded as well. But fortunately or unfortunately during recent years or so parents and guardians at home have awakened to the consciousness that all is far from well and that the position of the Indian student in England is badly in need of attention. Recently a number of articles have appeared in the press and the public is generally aware that some remedy is speedily needed to prevent matters going from bad to worse.

There are in England today over four thou-

sand Indian students. Of these nearly half are in London. There are about three hundred in Oxford and Cambridge and an equal number in Edinburgh. Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, to say nothing of many other centres of scholastic and industrial enterprise, can also boast of large numbers. Those in London alone would under usual circumstances create a problem but together with those in other parts of the British Isles form a problem of this magnitude.

The first questions to be considered are the conditions under which this large body of Indian students have found their way to England. In India it is a well-known fact that the attractions of an English education and career are manifold. Partly owing to the system of education, whereby it is inculcated into our minds at quite an early age that England is the centre of all learning and advancement, partly owing to the preference given in many civic positions to the "England returned" man and partly to a growing spirit of adventure in the younger generation of our countrymen, that such large numbers particularly during the Autumn months—literally shiploads—sale from Bombay *en route* to the Universities and Inns of Court. Of the thousands of students who thus leave their homes not a small percentage return undisappointed. The England of thair youthful dreams, the England which was the centre of the hopes of their college days, has proved an illusion. They discover it to be a

country of prejudice generally, and return in a majority to India dejected, disillusioned and with memories rooted in bitterness.

The class of Indian students varies considerably. The greater number, be it said to their credit, do remarkably well, particularly so at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The record of Indian students at Oxford and Cambridge has been such as should fill the heart of any country with pride. In every sphere of university activity Indians have shown their ability and skill. In other universities and training centres Indian students have also won admiration and appreciation. This I say is the record of the majority of Indian students in England. If this is so, you will ask what is the reason of the extensive prejudice against Indian students today? Why is it that an Indlan barring a few negligibe exceptions finds himself an outcaste?

Not a small part of the cause is the colour prejudice common to all countries with colonial dependencies. But apart from this it must be admitted that the blame has to be apportioned and the difficulties in which Indian students find themselves are in some small measure due to their own fault. The average Indian student coming as a very young boy is exclusive, super-sensitive, intolerant, unimaginative and suspicious. His upbringing is very considerably to blame. In an orthodox household the liberty and the freedom manifested in a European home is rarely to be

found. The sudden transformation of an environment from orthodoxy to modern Westernism shocks his susceptibilities. I have known some educated Indian students who had spent three years or more in England and who should have known better talk than that every white woman was a prostitute, a harlot with a price. Then there have been a few who have kept brothels and some who walk the streets of London and Edinburgh earning the ill-gained livelihood of the pimp and the pander. Fortunately such instances can be counted on ene's finger-tips and are few and far between and confined chiefly to the large towns which have their evils common to society all the world over. The crime lies not so much in the commission as in getting found out. It must be remembered that every Indian is a marked man, his movements are watched and all he says and does is noted and commented upon, his indiscretions, even though not peculiar to himself, are magnified because he is a foreigner and any criticism which should, in fairness' be confined to the individual is used against the whole body of his countrymen. Hence, therefore, for the failings of an insignificant few, the path of Indian students generally has been made infinitely difficult.

Of the thousands of Indian students in England, for the reasons above-mentioned, a very small number see the inside of a real home life. The barriers which forbid the stranger to the fire-

side and the glow of the hearth are formidable. He has to remain an outcaste and a leper. Then the vicious circle completes its cycle. He goes out into the streets, picks up chorus girls from Leicester Square, and painted women from Piccadilly. He lives in the outskirts of the East End, in the slums of Russel Square. He marries, if at all, generally out of the scum and dreg of society butchers' and landladies' daughters. This young man brought up in the home of aristocratic tradition, this man upon whom have been spent the collected fortunes of generations of far-sighted parents—this young man, the hope of his country and a flower of the nation's manhood, is a victim in the morass of filth and misfortune.

It is not my purpose to enter further into a description or discussion into the present position or to describe the hopeless shortcominings of such institutions as the notorious 21, Cromwell Road, the only solution to my mind is that we should discourage Indian students going to England except in exceptional circumstances and then a very small select few. This argument is not intended to say that I am against a foreign education.

I do not subscribe to the proposition widely held in reactionary circles in our country that education abroad is a superfluous thing and can be dispensed without loss of any considerable advantage. No notion, no propaganda on these

lines could be more mischievous at any time and more so at the present than this. It is my shrewd suspicion that they are fathered in certain quarters not over-favourable to the popular cause. If there is a fact we must face: it is that whether we like it or not, it is absolutely essential for the national needs that our contract with the West and Western methods and ideas remain a close and fresh one. I am no lover of Western civilization but I am not so unpatriotic as to cut out essential means for the national reorganisation. It may be that a simpler society is more natural to our genius but to go back to the Vedas entirely is a proposition only for children and fools. Of course I do not mean to say that we should so lose our national self-respect and the traditions which have been the glories of the Indian people from the first glimmerings of history, but we must remember that this is the twentieth century. No feat of imagination can change it into anything earlier or anything later. With facts as they stand we need and require much from the West.

There was a time when the Indian student was welcome in England, but that time has changed. He is no longer in the position he was and the life of the ordinary Indian student in England can better be avoided. If we are not going to be treated on a basis of equality we will and ought to go elsewhere. It is not a question how you or I were treated. It is how the general

bulk of our countrymen are treated. There can be no question that prejudice is established firmly against the Indian student.

Apart from the racial aspect there is another. The continent of Europe and America are full of universities of the first order instructed and guided by some of the greatest intellects of the day. I agree there are a few practical difficulties, *e g.*, language, and that at least for some few years, Indians will inevitably have to go to England for instruction, but the fewer the better. I have questioned numerous Indian students from all parts of the Continent, and everywhere the unanimous opinion has been that our boys are all welcome in Continental Universities. Racial prejudice is non-existent and it is with open arms that these great centres of learning call us to join them.

CHAPTER XVII

John Bull's Divorce

The hounds of winter were no longer on their leashes. In full and rapid stride they shook off the cramp of autumn. Winter had arrived. Brown fields turned to grey, ponderous oaks frowned and shivered. A white mist froze out the pale orange remnants of the sun. The world changed to one dark with fog, cold and inhospitable. Strangers on the pavements and lovers in the parks hurried to fire-sides and radiators. Great coats and furs muffled out bravely to rain, sleet or snow. The old earth—beloved of Drake and Raleigh—this royal throne of kings, this demi-paradise nodded with sleep in the bleak white mantle of an English winter.

Bright lights gleam—through the windows of St. James's Palace. There is a sound of babble of tongues rattling, of hurried footsteps along wooden corridors, and splashes of colours. There is a Round Table Conference and several important-looking personages fill the room.

This a Round Table Conference. The Conference are the divorce proceedings between John Bull and his Indian mistress, a divorce claimed on account of incompatability of temper. As

Ireland and South Africa, once the terms of separation have been settled, the parting is likely to be fairly complete. It is, however, a mis-statement that John Bull is tired of the fairest jewel in his crown or that he his now too elderly to hold her. He is both financially and physically as sound as ever. He has a robust constitution and has survived many illnesses thought at various times to be fatal. It is said that occasionally he shows symptoms of Asiatic cholera and distress in the regions of dominions. Occasionally he suffers from chronic unemployment and loss of effort, but he is neither sick nor poverty-stricken as he would have people believe and has a remarkable reserve of vitality and the capacity to pull out of difficult situations.

John Bull resists the divorce as much as possible.

It will take Mother India much effort to separate herself from Mr. John Bull.

* * *

His Majesty's Government, as representing John Bull, therefore, hold a Round Table Conference on the Indian problem, namely, on how to give something without giving anything.

A part of the great building in which the Conference was held constitutes the residential quarters of the heir to the Imperial Throne. The exterior to a person untrained to the technicalities of architectural form is uncommonly ugly, to lovers of domestic architecture. St. James's

Palace is one of the ornaments of architectural London, a happy sanctuary from the progress of commercialism, which has in the last few years been responsible for the disappearance of the many fine town mansions and the appearance of such monstrosities as Grosvenor House.

It is a great wide room, sumptuous and gilded with vivid splashes of colour. The pictures are magnificent and soft lights illuminate the animated scene. The rich furniture that belongs to this room has made way for long tables and dark business-like chairs. The tables are littered with sheets of white paper and piled with the blue books. It is one of the most picturesque of conferences ever staged in London.

Those of the Conference are pressed with no hurry of time except the inevitable intervention of X'mas and the New Year; it is in no danger for a breakdown; its personnel has been carefully selected to avoid any such eventualities. It is no danger of a public scandal. Hot-head extremists have been weened and Gandhi is safely in Sabarmati.

It is a quaint proceeding. John Bull's sincerity is on trial. He is himself the judge. The proceedings are at his own convenience and in his own home. The Judges have been recruited from his public life, and the Jury—which had come from India—has also been picked by him. The verdict and decision will be subject to his approval.

* * *

A short, fairly spare man is talking. His head appears to dominate his figure, it is a little too big and broad for the shoulders that carry it. He is slow, accurate and meticulous. He sits not far from the centre of the table. He is undoubtedly a person of importance, his advocacy is skilled and he makes his points without rhetoric or flourish, but every point appears to be a bull's eye. He is Tej Bahadur Sapru, ex-member of Lord Reading's Indian Cabinet, right-hand adviser to every Viceroy since and the right hand of the Prime Minister in London. He has the brain of the Nehrus and the heart of Gandhi, but is devoid of the enthusiasm of either. He knows his law too well and values his freedom too much to step across the border lines.

> "The existiug constitution of India is still very far removed from anything like responsible government or Dominion Status. Thus, administratively, the control of the Secretary of State has been relaxed in certain matters, even now in throng and largely. In fact the Government of India is still in the leading strings of the Secretary of State. The simplest way of understanding the position of the Secretary of State is by remembering the provisions of the Act which give him power to superintend, direct and control all acts, operations and concerns which relate to the Government and revenues of India. In

practice, therefore, he is the great Moghal of today."

The man at the centre of the table seems to nod assent. He has been to India and seen facts for himself. In appearance he might almost be mistaken for marquis. He is Prime Minister Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He knows something about India and has seen facts for himself. He can vouch accuracy of the statement. But would he? He is no longer the comrade of Keir Hardy, debonair, impudent, irresponsible, nor the conscientious objector to military service during the War. He has seen his days of misfortune. He has met with failure at the polling booth and had his years of political exile. Experience has taught him that in politics very few things consciously felt can be said. The best orations are divorced from reality. Ramsay MacDonald is now Prime Minister of England and leader of the Labour Party in the House of Commons. He has come on the tide of a Labour reaction.

If ten years earlier you had asked any of the rank and file of his party "Whether Ramsay MacDonald would some day be Premier" you would have probably met with a smile. Among other parties he was a discredited passivist who had shirked his duty.

Gods and fishes entered into conspiracy to give Labour its first term of ministerial office, when it was not even the largest party in the House of Commons.

Ramsay MacDonald's Premiership is, accordingly, one of the happy accidents of personal good fortune, one of the landmarks in England's strange history. The Labour Party needed a leader as far removed from Labour as possible. It wanted, in fact, a Tory with a Labour complexion. Ramsay MacDonald did not even have that. But dexterity with his tongue found him the helmsman of his party, which at that time did not realise that in the near fnture he would, within the space of weeks, undermine and blow to smithereens the Party that had raised him to high office.

> Sapru continues: "The future is uncertain, but Indian nationalism is gaining strength every day. It has acquired a new consciousness and a new self-respect. It is alive to the difficulties that lie ahead, but hopes to face them in a spirit of courage and confidence."

Sapru's appeals has also touched the chords of other Labour members of the Conference. Lord Passfield, once the brains of the Labour movement, looks down and wipes his glass, as if a little ashamed.

He cannot forget some of the promises given by his party before it came to office. Who knows if he does not also remember the funds that Congress and Khilafat put up for Labour candidates in the memorable 1918 election, when Lloyd George captured the dictatorship of Europe

through the flapper vote.

Now rises Lord Peel, a heavy mostached, Peer of the realm and a former Secretary of State for India:

> "A child must learn to walk before he can run and without in the least disparaging our subjects in the Indian Empire, I say that they have not yet learned to walk and it will be some time before they can run."

Continues this precious jem of aristocratic England:

> "It is, I am sorry to say, our own fault. The education we have given in India has been most unsuited to the climate and its people, who are warm-blooded and excitable. We have created an enormous number of white collar class of natives, who become lawyers, but as the country is too poor for litigation, these lawyers have gone into the most profitable occupation in most poor countries,—politics.
>
> "The last speaker has spoken of Dominion Status. What is Dominion Status? It is bunk! It is like putting a Rolls Royce body on a Ford Chassis. It cannot be done. I tell you it cannot be done."

'Jix' feels grateful to the noble Earl for his straightforward and to-the-point oration.

'Jix' is the nickname of a famous member of the House of Commons. We find it stands for Sir William Joynson-Hicks, lately Home Member

of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet. Jones's most conspicuous and noteworthy contributions to history have been his speech commending the Dyer massacre at Amritsar and his belief in Dora as one of the graces of post-war England.

'Jix' although grateful for what has been said feels that something has been left unsaid. He endeavours to fill in the gaps.

> "We did not conquer India for the benefit of the natives. I know it is said at missionary meetings that we conquered India to raise the level of Indians. That is cant. We conquered India as the outlet for our goods. We conquered India by the sword, and by the sword we should hold it."

"Shame!" interjects a delegate from the United Provinces.

Continues 'Jix':

> "Call 'shame' if you like. I am stating facts. I am interested in missionary work of that kind, but I am not such a hypocrite as to say that we hold India for the Indians. We hold it as the finest outlet for British goods in general, and for Lancashire cotton goods in particular."

Ramsay MacDonald is looking distinctly uneasy. His nicely balanced apple cart is in danger of toppling over. He sees resentment from some quarters. Several delegates across the tables are endeavouring to catch his eye. Says the Chairman:

"I trust Hon'ble members will remember that the opinions expressed by the members of the Paliamentary delegation are their own individual opinions and do not necessarily represent the viewpoint of the respective parties in the House. The Indian question has been placed above and beyond party politics."

A long trail of oil spreads upon the troubled waters.

Sastri who has been angrily fumbling an inkpot before him heaves a sigh of relief. A smile of satisfaction plays upon the soft lips of Begam Shah Nawaz. The Maharaja of Bikaner adjusts a magnificent moustache. Shafi leans across and whispers something to Zafarulla and laughs huskily. Raja Narendra Nath turns a sharply-pointed beard skyward and like the moving finger moves onward. Ujjal Singh yawns sleepily!

The Maharaja of Alwar is now in possession of the Conference. He is tall and handsome, and immaculate in a black coat and a cap the like of which will not be found in the whole of Europe. His articulation and pronunciation are perfect. He has a command of facts and is able to present a weak case skilfully:

"The position that the States should occupy in the general scheme of the Indian political settlement is perfectly well-understood by all parties concerned, though none of them have so far attempted to define it.

The policy that would abolish them as inconvenient encumbrances in the way of progress is clearly impracticable because if for no other reason than that the people of British India have not the necessary force at their command. Neither do their States desire to remain independent of the rest of India with full liberty to fly at each other's throats and split up the country by numerous fiscal and political barriers. It is accepted on all hands that the only solution lies in a scheme for Federation which would secure the co-operation of the Princes in the general policy of the country, while at the same time securing to them the measure of independence which has been guaranteed to them by treaty. My brother Princes wholeheartedly accept this view and I can say on behalf of others of my Order that we are willing to work any scheme which, while guaranteeing us our legitimate rights, will secure the solution of a united India."

Cheers greet this masterly array of platitudes. The art of modern oratory is to express Machiavellian sentiments in Lincolnian accents, to say a great deal without meaning much, and to make a popular announcement in terms which would enable it to be explained away in due course.

The speeches in conference, however, represent views exchanged or opinions formulated in

private meetings. The Government of India until recently have held that the ideal of Federation of a greater India to which the Maharaja of Alwar looked forward cannot be artificially hastened, and the time has not yet come when the general body of Indian States would be prepared to take so far-reaching a step as to enter into any formal federal relations with British India. But certain informal talks have led to a change in their outlook. So much so that the Maharaja of Bikaner confidently declares that he is:

> "convinced that the States would make the best contribution to the great prosperity and contentment of India as a whole in a federal system of Government composed of the States and of British India."

The Maharaja of Patiala is equally optimistic. For the time being, at any rate, the diamonds in his magnificent earrings scintillate wonderfully in the rosy light of his new-found enthusiasm:

"I firmly believe," says His Highness to his assembled colleagues, deliberately with the authority attaching to his high office of Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes; "that the speediest method of achieveing India's intended status and dignity is by Federation; only thus can the States join British India in the formation of greater India. In this scheme of things I view that the Crown, British India and the

Indian States will co-operate in the working of a system which provides for joint management and control."

The blessing from the Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes to the new proposals is received with a dignified hush.

It is uncanny, eerie, pregnant with surprise. The world seemed to wait for a vast event imminently lurking. What? Patiala of all those six hundred old autocrats, the world's last batch of Cæsars to subscribe to this ideal, this new-born figment of Alwar's rhetoric. All eyes are upon him, this huge Carnera, who combines in his magnificent physique the brains of a first-class diplomat, and the passions of a first-class Don Juan. He has the distinction of possessing the largest fleet of Rolls Royce cars in the world. His harems are filled with the choicest in womenfare, his kennels with the pick of pedigreed bitches. The picture of his administration has not been equally impressive, or convincing. In India it has come to be associated with all the worst aspects of State rule: extravagance, licence, corruption and vice. In affairs of the heart, discretion and discrimination appear to have been absent. In private matters his indiscretion is often better.

With such adherents, Federation is bound to be a success. Continues the Chancellor:

"Our desire to co-operate is equalled by our very natural desire not merely to pre-

serve our indentity, but those rights which, as our treaties make apparent, were retained only after great sacrifices at the altar of difficult circumstances. In order to regain these rights we should do all that lies in our power. Indeed to do this is a duty, which we owe primarily to our subjects and add to our posterity, and we shall be unworthy representatives of our forefathers if we flinch from the state."

"Hear, hear" greets this display of earnestness.

Says the Chairman drawing the attention of the meeting:

"From the trend of the opinions expressed, it appears that Federation is the generally accepted solution of the Indian question. We have now a few minor questions of safeguards to be determined and to be ready to report our success to the world which awaits with bated breath. The British Government only asks safeguards for the Viceroy, for the Governors, the Civil Service and Manchester trade. The Princes desire no more than the recognition of their internal sovereignty and the rulers of their attachments, sentimental and documentary, to the House of Windsor. The Mussalmans must be protected from the Hindus and Hindus from Mussalmans and very naturally the Europeans from the inroads of Anglo-Indians. The Council of

State is apprehensive of the Legislative Assembly and the zemindars from the lawyer class, the Cogress from the Gandhi caps manufactured in Japan. All these questions can be well thrashed out in Sub-Committees. I suggest we appoint a Minorities Sub-Committee and a Federal Relations Sub-Committee, who will in due course refer to us. By the end of the year, friends, we shall have the happy privilege of furnishing our other halves in the English-speaking world,—I mean the United States of America—with a model solution of the Philippine Problem."

Several Sub-Committees are appointed. The future goes into the vortex of a hundred cross currents.

CHAPTER XVIII

Morals in Theory and Ethics in Practice

The French, by virtue of their superior military science, have always been regarded by the German High Command as their most formidable opponents, though before the end of each great War, the English and Americans have always established very nearly, if not quite, their equals. But after the defeat of General Nivelle in the last war several French regiments mutinied, and there was a momentary danger of their whole line giving way; nothing of this kind has occurred in a British contingent. In the second War, France capitulated but England faced with defeat thought of moving wholesale to Canada.

On a fair estimate, it must be admitted that the achievement of the German armies has been the most remarkable features of both Wars. It is true that they had the advantage of superior equipment; but they were from the first in the position of a blockaded city, cut off from outside supplies, and generally outnumbered. The German people were right on both occasions in thinking that no such powerful instrument as their army had ever been seen in the world before. It was not

till the summer of fourth year in each case that their effort did seem perceptibly to slacken. They were intelligent enough to see that the addition of an inexhaustible stream of fresh troops from America made ultimate defeat certain, and the discovery that they had been deliberately deceived with false hopes made them bitter against the home Government. On both occasions and since then the German military machine has rather broken up from within by treason, than defeated by the Allies ; but the failure of morale, so far as it was real, was a failure of the nation as a whole. It was the business of the Government and General Staff to avoid putting such a strain on the resolution of the nation as human nature was unable to bear. However, no condemnation of the German system of Government can justly be based on the result of the war. On the contrary, it is unlikely that a democracy would have come so near to defeating the whole world, or would have maintained such admirable discipline until the final crash.

A very sinister feature of both Great Wars has been the breakdown of international law, and the reappearance of barbarities to non-combatants which had long been banished from civilised warfare. The wars themselves were not to secure breaches of international law ; the invasions of Belgium and Poland were admittedly infractions, to be justified only by the plea that it was necessary, if Germany intended to win. But they were bad precedents:

they were followed by numerous other illegalities by others excused by the same argument. During the past war, Germany at the beginning of the war sowed the North Sea with mines, contrary to international law, whence the British Government strained the meaning of contraband to include all commodities which might help Germany to prolong the war. If this principle was not thoroughly carried out, it was only from fear of complications with neutral countries, and especially with the United States. Finally, neutral ships were made subject to capture if they were destined to a neutral port near Germany, unless they had received a pass at an Allied port. Neutral countries were virtually included in the blockade, because British ships were unable to blockade German ports at close range. The submarine was a more inhuman violation of law; because it was difficult to save the lives of passengers on torpedoed ships. Moreover, it was impossible to argue that the British ports were blockaded, or that a blockade, if it existed, justified the sinking of passenger ships in mid-Atlantic or in the Mediterranean. The use of poison gas, and dropping bombs from the air upon towns outside the zone of military operations, are reversions to savagery. It is not true that cruel weapons and practices are always employed only if they are effective. The use of poisoned arrows, though advantageous in warfare before the discovery of gun-powder, had been discarded by civilized nations even in

antiquity; and the massacre of non-combatants was held by international practice to be utterly unjustifiable, though victorious troops after a storm might sometimes break loose, as they did even in the Napoleonic War, which was chivalrously conducted on hoth sides except between the French and the Spanish guerillas. The excuse is often offered, that whereas former wars were conducted by armies, in the Great Wars whole populations took part, so that the distinction between combatants and non-combatants no longer existed. This plea is not valid. Non-combatants have always participated in making the continuance of a war possible; they have kept the industrial and agricultural machinery going in circumstances of abnormal strain; they have given their time and money freely to the national cause. There was no generic difference in the position of non-combatants between the Great Wars and earlier wars. The disappearance of chivalry and moderation was mainly due to the extreme alarm felt by all the belligerent nations. They were all conscious that they were fighting, not for a dynasty, or for territory, or for plunder, but for their very existence.

The British are most horrified at transgression of moral and ethical laws:

London is bombed. It is the murder of innocent women and children.

German airmen are Baby-killers.

Berlin is bombed. A glorious page in the

history of War.

R.A.F.—heroes.

The Unscrupulous and Ruthless Enemy.

Poland Invaded.

Belgium Invaded.

Russia Invaded.

The United Nations.

Persia Occupied.

Iceland Occupied.

Timor Occupied.

The Barbarous Enemy. Bombs on London, Hull, Coventry, Rotterdam, thousands of innocent civilians killed.

Poison Gas Chambers.

Mass Executions.

V_1.

V_2.

Broken Treaties.

Aggression upon Norway, Poland, Netherlands. France.

The Allies. The Atomic Bomb. Hiroshima, two hundred thousand Japanese and two-thirds of the town wiped out. A great scientific achievement, a great instrument of peace.

Fifteen thousand of the enemy in X Pocket exterminated.

Persia.

The French Colonies, Madagascars.

The French Fleet, Oran.

Two thousand Super-fortress raids on Berlin, now a city of the dead.

Victory justifies *the method.*

Church bells throughout England celebrated the triumph of democracy, and of *right* over *wrong.*

CHAPTER XIX

Sidelights on Empire

The Commonwealth of self-governing societies, which we still call by the honoured name of the British Empire, has, it is said, some claims to admiration and loyalty. Of these not the least is that it is one of the two grand political experiments of modern times. The other is the federal constitution of the United States of America. The political philosopher can find nothing of equal importance for his eye to rest upon since the Mediterranean Empire of the Roman Cæsars; and that great empire, though it lasted longer than either the British Empire or the North American Republic has lasted at present, failed in the end to resist the tendencies to disintegration which were inherent in it from the first. For England, too, there are "Problems of Greater Britain" which await solution. Their challenge is not entirely what Sir Charles Dilke anticipated near the end of Queen Victoria's reign. For example, he was altogether blind to the German danger which has loomed very large twice already in the present century. But the main problem is interior to the Empire. It has yet to be proved whether England can hold together a loose con-

federacy, scattered over the whole world, and containing large and varied elements in its population. But the strain of two Great Wars has been borne magnificently, and the result has vindicated the wisdom of England's policy in allowing its major Colonies internal freedom. It would be too much to say this. There do not seem at present to be any forces tending directly to disruption. The Americans, nearest to, of Canadian feeling, sometimes arrogantly claim the "taking over" of that half of North America which is under the British flag.

Something has already been said of the success of the principle of self-government, which has been extended to all those parts of the Empire which are inhabited by men of European descent. It is too early to predict with confidence that this virtual independence will be permanently compatible with membership of the Empire. The strongest tie, in the absence of any coercion, must be self-interest. This motive was strongest in Australasia, where the protection of the British and American fleets was necessary in the face of Japanese ambitions. It is the almost universal belief of Australasians that if Chinese, Japanese and Hindus were allowed to settle freely in British Oceania, they would undersell and outwork the white population, till the race with a higher standard would find the conditions insupportable. For this reason their policy is to keep out coloured labour altogether. This policy can only be

maintained while it is possible to exclude Asiatics by force. The Chinese and Japanese would emigrate in swarms if they were allowed to land, and the Chinese would soon develop the tropical parts of Australia, which are at present kept back by the price of labour and by fear of the heat. It is probable, however, that if a time ever comes when the British fleet is unable to protect these Dominions, they will endeavour to establish closer relations with the United States, as they have done during the present war. The menace of colour, or rather of the Asiatic standard of living, is the main preoccupation with all white labourers and farmers who live within range of Oriental immigration.

In the meantime, wise Australians realize that immigration should be encouraged, in spite of the selfish opposition of Labour. "In Northern Australia," says Mr. Hornabrook, "there are nearly a million square miles, with only 10,000 whites, fewer than one would see at a league football match any Saturday afternoon. If we think that the world is going to permit this sort of thing much longer, we must be blind fools. Sir James Mitchell, a former Premier of West Australia, has said .

> "I do not believe this Empire will be a safe place to live in fifty years hence unless the population is much larger. If it could be raised to three times its present figure, it would be [illegible] better for the Empire."

Recent exploration has disclosed that the area of irreclaimable desert is much less than was formerly supposed. We are even told that "rich lands are scattered profusely throughout the continent."—(Hurd). Nor is the tropical climate any bar to colonization.

The future of India lies on the knees of the gods. Englishmen's forefathers have always proclaimed that British regard the Indian Empire as a trust for the benefit of the governed, and that they look forward to a time in the future when the Indians may be left to manage their own affairs. To show British sincerity, it has, it is claimed, trained the educated natives in the literature of revolt, and have supplied their rhetoricians with choice models of revolutionary oratory. Since British politician began to evince an interest in Indian affairs, the doctrinaire democrat has been much in evidence with his shibboleths of self-determination, representative government, and the like. The letters of Lord Morley to Lord Minto, with their House of Commons attitude and their tone of *faux bonhomme*, showed, in a way, that their author was far from realizing how galling and mischievous dictation from home may be to a Viceroy and his advisers on the spot. The permanent officials are no doubt a check on the politicians but that the average Englishman's danger is:

"That some Labour Government, utterly

ignorant of Indian affairs and worse than indifferent to one of the most glorious chapters in English history, may throw away with both hands the inheritance which has been won by some of the greatest men and noblest characters that our race has produced. The mere advent of a Socialist Government to power would give the signal for disturbances in India which only a strong hand could quell ; and the strong hand would not be there. This uncertainty about the future is doing incalculable harm to the British *Raj*, especially by deterring young men of the traditional type from offering themselves for service in India."

A few words will suffice about other parts of the Empire.

Burma contains vast natural wealth, and the people are said to be easier to govern and pleasanter to deal with than the Indians. The West Indies Islands are not relatively so important as they were in the days of slavery, and their output of sugar, their chief product, is insignificant compared with that of Cuba and Porto Rico, which have thriven portentously under American financial encouragement. The Americans hope to bribe the Islands to enter the Union, and offered to take them in part payment of the War Loan ; but the Duke of Windsor expressed the views of the colonists as well as of the home population when he declared that " the British Empire is not

for sale." These large States have been leased under lend-lease arrangement. "If ever the naval exploits of England are done into an epic poem," says Froude, "the West Indies will be the scene of the most brilliant cantos. For England to allow them to drift away from her would be a sign that she had lost the feelings with which great nations always treasure the heroic traditions of their fathers." The West Indies were the scene of the most successful dacoities in the high seas.

Rhodesia, which contains 440,000 square miles, has great possibilities, but in 1921 it contained only 36,000 white people. It is a great cattle country, and in parts is well suited to oranges, lemons, tobacco and cotton. There are also large deposits of copper, waiting for a railway to the west coast. Many think that here is a real white man's country, since the great elevation above the sea-level mitigates the heat and makes the climate healthy.

In Nigeria, with 370,000 square miles and a native population of 19,000,000, the natives have been successfully trained in skilled occupations. There is probably no part of the Empire in which the aborigines have profited so much by British rule, and they showed their gratitude by fighting admirably against the Germans in the Cameroons.

Kenya, a new acquisition, has a delightful climate, and the country is well suited for maize, coffee, sisal and wheat. It is at present a

favourite colony with young men of good social position and some capital. Severe criticisms have lately been made upon administration but not without purpose. Large areas have been assigned to a handful of British settlers who keep out others on the very good ground that they hold the land in trust for the natives.

The absence of any real Imperial Government is a standing drawback. The British Parliament calls itself imperial, but there is no authority actually supreme in all parts of the Empire. The Crown is nominally supreme; but in a dispute between two self-governing Dominions, or a Dominion and the Mother Country, the Crown would be constitutionally on both sides. The so-called Imperial Parliament cannot require any of the Dominions to provide a single soldier or to pay a single shilling. One Dominion may introduce conscription to help the Empire in war; another may make service voluntary; a third may even declare itself "neutral," as Ireland did when the English went to war over Poland and Dantzig. The British Parliament cannot control the shipping of the Empire in time of war, though such control is of vital importance. During the war, Canadian ships were transferred to American line running between the United States and Capetown. Any Dominion may refuse the right of free entry to British subjects, as South Africa closes its doors against Indians. The navy is almost entirely supported by the British

tax-payer. There is no imperial trade policy. All parts of the Empire legislate separately as seem to suit their own interests. When an Imperial Federation League was founded, practical politicians were afraid to do more than bless the proposal, and the Dominions instructed their representatives to leave it alone.

Perhaps the most difficult of all Imperial problems has been that of South Africa. The Cape of Good Hope was acquired as the result of the wars with France, not of course with a view to colonization, but as a halfway house on the road to India. It was already settled by white men, of mixed Dutch and French descent. The natives were in a state of half-slavery, which was repugnant to humanitarian ideas at home. The interference of our Government with these conditions led to a series of treks, the first of which occurred in 1936. The migrants were followed by the English first into the Orange River State and then into Natal ; a body of Boers then crossed the river Vaal and founded, about 1850, the Transvaal Republic. The British Government recognised the Transvaal in 1852, and the Orange Free State in 1854. The abandonment of this last province was perhaps the high-water mark of the *laissez-aller* policy of the period. The assembly of the province, consisting of seventy-six Dutch and nineteen English, clung to the British connection ; independence was forced upon them by doctrinaires in England.

Imperialistic ideas, combined with the discovery of diamonds in the Orange Free State and of gold in the Transvaal, led to an abrupt reversal of this policy. The diamond fields were seized in return for very inadequate compensation, and the Transvaal was soon afterwards annexed, an undoubtedly high-handed proceeding. The Liberal Government was already preparing to make large concessions when the Burghers rebelled, and were successful in two Boer republics being recognized, subject to a vague acknowledgment of British suzerainty.

The great wealth which began to pour from the Rand disturbed this settlement, and the Boer War of 1899-1902 followed. The military preparations of the Transvaal had paralysed British diplomacy in Europe for years; and it was strongly suspected that Germany had designs upon South Africa as a whole. The war, which damaged both the material and moral prestige of England, had disgusted a large part of the population with expansionist ideas. In 1906, only five years after the cessation of hostilities, the Transvaal was granted self-government and same rights were given to what was then called the Orange River Colony in the following year. In 1910 the Union of South Africa was constituted, with Capetown as the capital, aad Pretoria as the seat of the executive government. Only the native question remained, and still remains, unsolved. There is no ill-treatment, but a determination on

the part of the white labourers to exclude the Kaffirs and Indians from skilled employments. Considering that the Basutos are now civilized and prosperous, and that the Bantu Kaffirs as a whole are physically a magnificent race, the prospects of the white population in South Africa, under these conditions, cannot be regarded as secure. The Europeans are dooming themselves to the fate which always befalls an aristocracy living among, and on the labour of, a subject population of another race.

CHAPTER XX

A Review

And now to a final review of English character:

There appear to be two main tribes of Englishmen—those who sell by the yard and pound, and those who sell by the bale aud ton. The first sell over the counter, the second by correspondence.

There are marked differences in language, physique, and other characteristics between the two tribes. Those who sell over the counter are four to eight inches shorter men and stouter women than those who do their business through the General Post Office. The latter send their boys in Eton and Harrow, their girls are finished in Paris, and among them there is little overcrowding, unemployment or excess in the birthrate. The former, that is, the men and women who do business by the yard and pound, provide the ranks in the Army and Navy; they have clubs and churches of their own, into which members of the other tribes will not stray in fear of the loss of social caste. There is virtually no inter-marriage, except through the stage. There are, however, a few cases of migration from the counter

to the board-room and the peerage. But many years are required to remove the social stigma of the trade. Of middle class, generally speaking, the stain is indelible.

The amusements of the two tribes vary considerably. The more exclusive and affluent spend much of their time bathing in Nice, gambling in Monte Carlo, tobogganning in Switzerland, and crossing the Atlantic in the "Empress of Britain"! The less exclusive also amuse themselves in sport, but in a different manner—small sums on the tote, large sums to watch League Football, County or Test Cricket. In tens of thousands, they pack the stadiums to see professionals and rich amateurs play their favourite games. Those too poor to buy the cheapest seats (which are by no means cheap) will indulge their fevered emotions in reading Jardine's description of the Tests in the afternoon editions, or in hearing what they cannot see over the radio.

The Englishman has made sport fashionable the world over. The sportsman stands in most countries today as the ideal of youth and manhood. Every young man is supposed to play cricket, even though he is playing football; never to hit below the belt, even if no hit or belt are involved. A sportsman is supposed to play the game for the game itself, irrespective of victory or defeat. He is supposed to be equally chivalrous to his opponent, whether the opponent hails from South Africa, Scotland or the West Indies. A

sportsman always plays his hardest, except in mixed doubles, when it is his duty to lose the game. He applauds the skill of his opponent and credits his own successes to fluke or luck. He abstains from cigarettes and women, when in training; and makes up, when not. A sportsman never does a wrong thing, a mean thing or a thing that does no credit to the superlative standards and ideals of sportsmanship.

To call a man a sport, is to pay him the greatest compliment; to call a woman a sport, has not the same significance.

There is increasing enquiry whether certain branches of recreation can legitimately be termed "sport." There was a time when birds of plumage were slaughtered in the thousand for my lady's hats. But that barbarism is virtually at an end. Perhaps, the time will come, when Englishmen—and Englishwomen—will find more creditable outlets of national exuberance than cavalry charges upon small foxes or musketry practice on defenceless rabbits.

Everybody is aware of the gross corruption in almost every department of the Turf. But horse-racing nevertheless flourishes. It is a strange instance in psychology to see intelligent people look and bet on horses in the paddock, well knowing that the winner has, probably, already been settled in the stables. To get a 'tip from someone in the know' is what everybody wants, but is only given to the favoured few. 'Duggie

Frenchman or German. His vocabulary is singularly restricted; he relies a great deal on slang, though, even here, his repertoire is nothing like so comprehensive as that of the American.

In the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge flourish great traditions of scholarship and learning, nobly maintained. Students and scholars from far corners of the world, belonging to the multitude of nations, come hither in search of knowledge, and generally return warmly appreciative of the teaching and hospitality which they have received. No greater tribute is possible than a reference to the pride with which the teachers in these Universities refer to the achievements of their Foreign and Indian students in competition with the youth of their own race.

How many of us can deny, in the inner searchings of our hearts, that our earliest inspirations were found on the banks of the Isis and the Cam?

Among all other points, the Englishman's most successful quality is the team spirit. It has enabled him to form and hold a vast Empire. The team spirit is sedulously cultivated from the earliest age, price in the Class, the School eleven, the College eight, the Varsity crew, and the Regimental team. Every Winchester boy will not only want to play for Winchester, but to be present to cheer when Winchester is on the field against Charterhouse. Charterhouse boys feel just the

Stewart, every week invites the readers of the *Tatler* and *Sketch* to open a credit account, illustrating the importance of such business from the story of Antony and Cleopatra and a legendary Sir Edward, who sends messages after a race has been run and telegrams without prepayment or signature: 'Duggie never owes', which means that he pays and pays promptly, an instance well-illustrative of the British sporting spirit.

There is some doubt as to whether an Englishman is really happier successful or unsuccessful. He looks pleased if he wins, but he often looks happier, if he loses. He has no use for the man who takes him seriously. He generally idolises any one who can hit him in the jaw and give him a black eye. He bears no long hatreds. Though not entirely above criticism, he is, generally, a worthy opponent and a chivalrous foe. He has great admiration for good fighters; who fight clean, and is willing to honour such foes.

The average Englishman appears better-looking than the average Englishwoman, though, recently, the beauty parlours have removed much of the disparity. The Englishman's standard of intelligence is not high, though there are some remarkable exceptions. The average standard in knowledge, general information and education is not exceptional. The Englishman is not troubled to write or to speak his language correctly. He has none of the pride of diction common to the

same, except that Charterhouse will be uppermost in their minds. When Yorkshire wins the Season against Sussex every Yorkshireman is proud, and Sussexmen hope for the next year. But when England is pitted against Scotland, all Winchester, Charterhouse, Sussex, Lancashire and Yorkshire are on the same side—the side of England.

And Englishmen may have the acutest difference among themselves, but when England is in the field, whether at Lords or at Melbourne, whether in a diplomatic embroglio at Geneva or at war with the Germans, or in a friendly race for the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, all England is one.

In a small military station in India the captain's wife may not mix with the sergeant-major's woman, and the trades' people probably have to run a club of their own, having failed to find admission to the Service Club. But if Gandhi raises the standard of revolt, they are all one—Sergeant-Major, Tommy, District Magistrate, and Governor. The great secret society immediately begins to function.

Therefore, whether you have ever met an Englishman or not, you may take it, that he is a most charming person to meet, yet the most convincing peril the world has ever faced.

CHAPTER XXI

Every One Knows the Law

No verdict on England would be complete without some reference to the judicial system.

There is an ancient presumption that every one knows the law. This rule is strictly applied by the English Courts which explain why large numbers of people get hanged or are mulcted in damages simply because they have not taken the pains to acquaint themselves with the Statute Book. The presumption is based on apparently sound reasons.

If it were once allowed in answer to any complaint of violation of the law to set up the defence of ignorance, then there must be gradations of ignorance and gradations of default, and a preliminary inquiry in each case as to whether such ignorance was real or assumed, culpable or innocent. One would be entitled to urge that he had never received any education at all: another, that he was about to study the law, but had not yet advanced sufficiently; a third, that he had made an effort to learn, but could find no sufficient teachers; a fourth, that he had to get his living, or had no sufficient means, and so had no leisure; a fifth, that he had applied to the wisest person within his reach, and had been

misled by the information he received; and a sixth, that he had made careful inquiry, and found the highest authorities equally wise and weighty on both sides, and was unable to decide which should be his guide. It might be asked, if such inquiries were permitted, what materials exist to enable any court satisfactorily to dispose of them. The interior of a man's mind is beyond the reach of inquiry. To endeavour to discover the secret springs of thought—the degree of reflection given to any one subject—the elements of self-education, or the impulse given to the mind by the common knowledge provided by the schools—with what possible certainty can any third party attempt to solve so inscrutable a problem? Hence the courts wisely abandon the impossible task, and treat all alike as incompetent to set up any such defence, leaving each to find out for himself, and in his own way, whatever he wants, and to take the risk of his want of knowledge as it may turn out.

This theory, however, was departed from in a case where a man, in a ship on the coast of Africa, did an act on June 27, for which he could not have been punished except under an Act of Parliament which had passed on the previous May 10, but the knowledge of which statute could not have reached him at that remote place. The judges concurred that it would be unjust to punish him, though technically he was guilty, and recommended a pardon to be obtained.

An exception to the rule, that ignorance of the law is no excuse, exists in the case of a judge who, mistaking the law, inflicts injustice on another.

The state maintains a huge establishment and expends colossal amounts to correct the errors of judges.

The foundation of all law according to Burke is the Common Law. What then is the Common Law? Common Law is what the British think people ought or ought not to do.

What that time is it is impossible to define accurately, because it is impossible to say at what precise moment the British people emerged from barbarism into civilisation, or became so comparatively civilised that it can be said to have any law at all. However, the question of time is only of consequence because it is usual to think, if not to speak, of the Common Law as a body of principles and rules from "time immemorial" now complete and not to be added to. Roughly, the truth is that after the law began to be written down regularly—that is, when a distinct measure of civilisation had been attained—the written law made so great an impression on the people that the unwritten got itself supposed—if such an expression may be used—to date from before the first formal legislation. And so it was in a sense claimed for the Common Law as the expression of the people's mind and character, as it were, and those were made up when the moment of self-recognition arrived. But the contents of the Common Law

could not be published or expressed till, so to say, yesterday. For it is conceivable that no necessity may ever have before arisen to public or express some ordinance or prohibition which may have existed from time immemorial.

Very early the rule got itself established that, normally, human life must not be taken. Yet you will nowhere find a distinct law, "thou shalt not murder"; nor till 1828 was it written down that the murderer should be put to death. 24-25 Vict. c. 100, I, is, "Whosoever shall be convicted of murder shall suffer death as a felon"; but this is obviously only a way of stating what judges had been saying for centuries. So with the prohibition, "Thou shalt not steal," there was no statute which made this simple statement, and for centuries there was none which regulated the punishment for stealing.

The depositories of the Common Law were the judges. The origin of the office is lost in antiquity, like other origins. But it may be assumed that the primitive judge would be a fair representative in intelligence and character generally of his people.

The judges were the men who enjoyed the reputation of knowing what their people thought right and wrong, and it is claimed they have never lost it. When James I asked Lord Coke a question of law, he desired to know whether it was one of Common Law, if so he could answer it in bed· but if it were one of Statute Law he must get up

and examine the statutes.

In distinction to Common Law is Statute Law: what Parliament thinks people ought or ought not to do.

Delolme says, "It is a fundamental principle with the English lawyers that Parliament can do everything, except make a woman a man or a man a woman." *The Constitution of England*,—not in all editions, *i.e.*, it can "do everything that is not naturally impossible" (Blackstone). For instance, it (*i.e.*, the King and the two Houses together) could turn the Government into a republic or anything else. In the oft-quoted words of Coke, "its power is so transcendent and absolute as it cannot be confined either for causes or persons within any bounds." Lord Erskin may also be quoted: "Unlike the legislatures of many other countries, ours is bound by no fundamental charter or constitution, but has itself the sole constitutional right of establishing and altering the laws and government of the empire." The empire, of course, is the limit of its jurisdiction, but in regard of certain grave crimes (*e.g.*, treason, murder—not only of a fellow subject—bigamy), the empire means British subjects anywhere.

In England the official interpreters of the law are the bench, and there never has been any doubt about it. A country J.P. sitting in a court must, if necessary, decide the meaning of words in an Act of Parliament.

How judges came into existence at all we have tried to guess above. The earliest type was, or was supposed to be—and it is likely enough—law-giver and judge in one. Moses sat "alone" (Exod. xviii. 13), and it was too much for him: his court was popular, and so he had to appoint subordinates, reserving his strength as a Court of Appeal for "the hard causes" (v. 26). In it was by slow degrees that work of hearing and deciding causes which was "disengaged from Governmental business." Now the separation is complete.

Why, then, is the phrase "judge-made law" never used except in condemnation? Because those who use it think either that the judge or judges in question have interpreted the law wrongly, or have added something to a statute which Parliament did not intend to be there—that, in either case, they have "made" some law. It is obviously important to see whether, as a fact, there is any person or body but Parliament which does make new law.

A good instance was supplied by a case in 1849. Mr. Thorogood was a passenger in an omnibus, and, wishing to alight, did not wait for the omnibus to draw up at the kerb but got out whilst it was in motion, and far enough from the path to allow another carriage to pass on the near side. An omnibus belonging to Mrs. Bryan coming up at the moment, Mr. Thorogood was unable to get out of the way, and was knocked down, and died

in a few days. Mrs. Thorogood brought an action against Mrs. Bryan, but she was unsuccessful, and four judges held that Mr. Thorogood was so much "identified with the driver of his omnibus, that the latter's negligence—his own seems to have been dropped—was his own negligence, as against a third party. They seem to have thought that Mrs. Thorogood had a remedy against the proprietor of her husband's omnibus. The point is that this decision (not on a statute, but at Common Law) became law, and it remained law till 1888, when the House of Lords expressly overruled this case, and exploded the doctrine of "identification." Meanwhile, no doubt, many cases had been decided as if the doctrine was right. It is worth quoting a few lines from a well-known textbook (not all, by the way, are written in this style).

"You are driving your dog-cart, we will say, at your usual furious and improper speed through the streets of a town, and I am going out to dinner in a hansom. My driver, as it turns out—though, of course, I did not know it when I employed him—is drunk, and, through the joint negligence of him and you, a collision occurs, and I am badly hurt. According to the formerly accepted view, I am so far identified with my drunken driver that his contributory negligence is mine, and I shall fail in my claim against you." This theory of identification was finally "destroyed" by a case "where a collision

having occurred between the steamships *Bushire* and *Bermina* through the fault of the masters of both, a passenger on board the *Bushire* was drowned. The representatives of the deceased brought an action *in personam* against the owners of the *Bermina* for negligence under Lord Campbell's Act"—as Mrs. Thorogood had done—"and it was held that the deceased was not identified in respect of the negligence with those navigating the *Bushire*, and so the action was maintainable." (Shirley's Leading Cases, 7th edition, p. 472). It is clear, therefore, that judges may make law, and that their law may be wrong, *i.e.*, other lawyers of equal or greater authority do not agree with them.

The power to commit summarily for contempt all persons who intrude into the judicial function, and profess to have better and superior means of knowledge or who suggest partial or corrupt conduct, is deemed inherent in all courts of record, though the occasion and extent of this summary jurisdiction have given rise to nice distinctions. It is said to be a necessary incident to every court of justice, whether of record or not, to fine and imprison for a contempt and acted in the face of it. This exercise of power is as ancient as any other part of the Common Law. If the course of justice is obstructed, that obstruction must be violently removed. When men's allegiance to the laws is fundamentally shaken, this is a dangerous obstruction.

Chief Justice Wilmot, who put this doctrine as high as it could be put, and examined the authorities, ended by saying that the object of courts having the power of punishing by attachment for contempt was to keep a blaze of glory round the judges, and to deter people from attempting to render them contemptible in the eyes of the public.

If this were a history, a volume of it might be devoted to the extraordinary part that "pleading" for centuries—indeed, till quite recent times—played in British procedure. A few instances will bring this home. The first two are taken from criminal trials, at which a man's life was in peril, but the principle was the same throughout the law. Crone, in 1690, was found guilty of high treason. "A motion in arrest of judgment was instantly made on the ground that a Latin word, endorsed on the back of the indictment, was incorrectly spelt. The objection was, undoubtedly, frivolous . . . But Holt and his brethren remembered that they were now, for the first time since the Revolution, trying a culprit on charge of high treason . . . The passing of the sentence was, therefore, deferred, a day was appointed for considering the point raised by Crone, and counsel were assigned to argue on his behalf. 'This would not have been done, Mr. Crone,' said the Lord Chief Justice significantly, 'in either of the last two reigns.' After a full hearing, the Bench unanimously pronounced

the error to be immaterial, and the prisoner was condemned to death." (Macaulay, History, ch. xv.)

"Chelmsford John Taylor had been arraigned and tried on the charge of uttering a forged note in the name of Bartholomew Browne, for £820 10*s.* 0*d.*, with intent to defraud the bank of Cricket and Co., at Colchester, of which the jury found him guilty; but just as Baron Hotham was about to put on his black cap, and to pass the sentence of death on the prisoner, one of the barristers, not retained on the trial, happening to turn over the forged note, saw it signed Bartw. Browne; throwing his eyes immediately on the indictment, perceived it written therein Bartholomew Browne. He immediately pointed out the circumstance to Mr. Garrow, counsellor for the prisoner, who rose up and stated the variance as fatal to the indictment, in which the judge concurred, and discharged the prisoner." (Annual Register, 1800, March 30.)

In both these instances an infinitesimal technicality made for leniency (though none-the-less one defeated justice as it was understood at the time). It was in civil matters that pleading flourished most rankly, and was most intimately associated with justice what the state of things was a century ago, let a most competent witness, John Campbell, afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland and, then, of England, when a law student and pupil of Iidd, the great

special pleader, attest. In his Autobiography is the following letter written by him:

"May 17, 1804.

"There is the most scrupulous nicety required in these proceedings. For instance, there are different kinds of actions, as *assumpsit, dentinue,* trespass, case, etc. The difficulty is to know which of these to bring, for it seldom happens that more than one of them will lie. There is still more difficulty in the defence to know what is good justification, and how it ought to be pleaded, to be sure that you always suit the nature of the defence to the nature of the action, and to take advantage of any defect on the opposite side . . . by continuing in this low, illiberal drudgery so long their (special pleaders') minds are contracted, and they are mere quibblers all their lives after."

There is yet one very important preliminary matter to be dealt with before trial, *viz.*, the kind of tribunal which is to dispose of the issues. Is it to be judge and jury, or judge alone and, if the former, is the jury to be common or special? We say nothing here about criminal trials of indictments (except that in all, without exception, there must be a jury: proceedings in police courts or pretty sessions are not trials), and in County Courts either party can insist on having a jury (of eight, since 1903), except in trifling cases (and can have one even then by leave of the judge). For the moment we confine

ourselves to the King's Bench Division of the High Court. There the official, who, as we have seen, decides so many preliminary points of practice (subject to appeal) whether there shall be a jury or not. This he does broadly on the ground that the issue to be tried is or is not one of law or one of fact.

Trial by jury "hath been used time out of mind in this nation, and seems to have been coeval with the first civil Government thereof" (Blackstone). For the agreement and number of jurors, *viz.*, twelve, a learned commentator on Blackstone, remarks: "The unanimity of twelve men, so repugnant to all experience of human conduct, passions and undertakings, could hardly in any age have been introduced into practice by a deliberate act of the legislature," and goes on to point out that it is reasonable that life, liberty and property ought not to be at the mercy of any small majority of voters: there ought to be a fixed minimum for condemnation, and twelve was the number chosen and he conjectures that, "as less than twelve, if twelve or more were present, could pronounce no effective verdict, when twelve only were sworn, their unanimity became indispensable." Sir Frederic Pollock puts it down to "the inherent sanctity of the number twelve." *(Expansion of the Common Law.)*

The old superstitious reverence for trial by jury is, perhaps, passing away. The inherent

flaw in the system is that the members of a jury, being drawn directly from the people, naturally share and reflect their feelings and prejudices, which, in times of excitement, political, religious or "patriotic," *e.g.*, notably during a war about the righteousness of which opinion may be divided, are certain to bias many persons irrationally against those of an opposite party and in favour of those of their own. A fearful example—even of panic—was supplied during the alleged "Popish Plot" in 1678. To quote Sir Walter Scott. "Said Julian, my father's cause will be pleaded before twelve Englishmen." "Better before twelve wild beasts," answered the Invisible, "than before Englishmen, influenced with the party prejudice passion, and the epidemic terror of an imaginary danger. They are bold in guilt in proportion to the number amongst whom the crime is divided." (I Peveril of the Peak, ch. xxxv.) This is violent language, but there is an element of truth in it. In cases of local excitement the law makes little provision for transferring the trial of a charge when the accused is not likely to get fair play in a given district.

Later, Bishop Burnet says (of his troublous times): "There are loud complaints of that which seems to be the chief security of property—I mean juries—which are said to be much practised upon." (*History of High Own Times.*) Perhaps this is illustrated by Pepys: "And so to Mr. Beacham the goldsmith, he being

one of the jury tomorrow in Sir W. Batten's case against Field. I have been telling him our case, and I believe he will do us good service there." (Diary.) Compare what Mr. John Morley says of Parnell: "He had stood his trial for criminal conspiracy, and was supposed only to have been acquitted by the corrupt connivance of a Dublin jury" in 1881. In 1845 Lord Cockburn wrote of Scotland in "the railway mania": "Even juries, our former shields, have been obliged to be superseded as the guardians of private interests because it is found impossible to get fair ones."

The acquittal of Bernard, charged at the Old Bailey in 1858, with murder, and conspiracy to murder Napoleon III, was undoubtedly due to political prejudice—a "scandalous" verdict, as Sir Spencer Walpole calls it. He cites a "witty American authoress" as calling a jury "the cussedness of one man multiplied by twelve." Moreover, in society there are latent prejudices against particular occupations and avocations, and, at the best, these are silenced with an effort in the jury box.

It is the business of the judge to satisfy himself that a given person called has sufficient understanding to know what he is about, and there is no practical difficulty in ascertaining this in the case of persons mentally affected or drunk at the moment. His duty is the same in the case of children of tender years, but it is more difficult

to perform. He generally puts a few questions to the child directed to test its intelligence and sense of duty to speak truth, *e.g.*, the following dialogues have led to the infant's admission as a witness: "What becomes of a liar?" "He goes to hell." "Is it a good or a bad thing to tell lies?" "A very good thing."

It is impossible to explain the present function of the Equity of Chancery Courts without a reference to their origin and history. There is nothing more interesting in legal annals than that history which shows that this institution is a peculiarly English home growth, and practically unique. Thus Blackstone says, "This distinction between law and equity, as administered in different courts, is not at present known, nor seems to have even been known in any other country at any time."

Gradually some of the powers of the Common Law Courts were conferred on the Chancery Courts, and at last, in 1873, the Judicature Act abolished all differences between the powers of one set of judges and those of another over the remedies of suitors, and Chancery Judges now award damages and Common Law Judges grant injunctions.

Every one has heard the good story of the old peeress who had insisted on remaining a few minutes in Court to see how they set to work to settle her suit, which had been eighty-two years in Chancery. Compare what Dr. Odgers

(above) says, "No man in those days could embark on a Chancery suit with any reasonable hope of being alive at its termination if he had a determined adversary." Mr. Cooper (Q.C.) published in 1827, *Lettres sur la eour de la Chancelarie,* containing a fierce attack on the Court under Lord Eldon, when things were at their worst. He says, "The curse of war has certainly not caused as much ruin and calamity in England as the Court of Chancery under this Judge." It might have been said that there was only an iota's difference between Chancery and chicanery.

Justice Buller was said always to hang for sheep-stealing, avowing as a reason that he had several sheep stolen from his own flock. Justice Heath, acting more on principle, used to hang in all capital cases, because he knew of no good secondary punishments. Said he, "If you imprison at home, the criminal is soon thrown upon you again, hardened in guilt. If you transport you corrupt infant societies, and sow the seeds of atrocious crimes over the habitable globe. There is no regenerating of felons in this life, and for their own sake as well as for the sake of society, I think it is better to hang." When sitting in the Crown Court at Gloucester, Buller asked a lying witness from what part of the county he came, and being answered, "From Bitton, my lord," he exclaimed, "You do seem to be of the Bitton breed, but I thought I had hanged the whole of that parish long ago!"
